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Contemporary Review

February 1961

incorporating The Fortnightly

BUDGETARY—

A MORE FLEXIBLE TAX STRUCTURE ?

PAUL DERRICK

THE Conservative Party Conference is accustomed to call for all-round cuts in taxation; and last year it also pressed particularly strongly for the abolition of Schedule A income tax. But as the Conference also called for policies involving increases in Government expenditure in many fields it is rather doubtful whether the new Chancellor will be able to make those reductions in the rates of taxation which taxpayers in general and Conservatives in particular find so welcome.

It may be, however, that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd will find it possible to make some changes in the tax structure which will help the Government's economic policies. High interest rates have brought money into the country; but this has not helped exports or helped us to pay for essential imports of food and raw materials. We have been behaving like a housewife who borrows money to pay the grocer; but that is not the way to stay solvent.

The credit squeeze was intended to curb inflation and prevent incomes rising faster than output; but as the Third Report of the Council on Prices, Productivity and Incomes made clear, it has not been very successful in this, in that it tends to curb output more than incomes, to curtail supply more than demand. The Council declared that it was "imperative" to find some other way of preventing inflation.

Since the end of the war we have had repeated appeals from the Government for restraint in wage claims and in the distribution of dividends. It is wage increases that have a direct effect on costs; but the Iron Law of Wages of the twentieth century states that the Unions are unwilling to exercise such restraint in conditions of full employment unless

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they are satisfied that burdens are being fairly shared. And between 1952 and 1959 ordinary dividends increased by 78 per cent against a 42 per cent increase in wages and a 28 per cent increase in production; while in the first half of 1960 dividends increased by 30 per cent in spite of all Mr. Amory's appeals, while wage rates were 3.3 per cent higher than in the first half of 1959 and production was 8 per cent higher.

Before the 1958 budget, increases in dividends were to some extent discouraged by the 30 per cent profits tax on distributed profits. This tax was abolished on the recommendation of the Royal Commission on the Taxation of Income and Profits, which argued (para. 529) that it produced unnecessary distortions because companies had to "go on year by year accumulating a heavy potential charge". These arguments about contingent liability are convincing enough; but it does not follow that taxation should not be used to encourage restraint in the distribution of dividends.

The obvious thing to do would be to tax corporate and personal incomes separately under a "single-tier tax system" as was recommended by the Minority Report of the Royal Commission on Taxation and as is done in the USA and many other countries. *Personal income tax would then itself become a tax on distribution* and this would discourage dividend increases just as effectively as a differential profits tax, for earnings distributed would be subject to personal income tax whereas earnings ploughed back would not. The American economy is more productive than the British partly because the American tax system gives companies such a powerful incentive to plough back earnings in capital development.

The Majority Report of the Royal Commission recognized (para. 542) that there would be important administrative and other advantages in taxing corporate and personal incomes separately; but it rejected the policy on the ridiculous ground that it involves "double taxation". Paras. 543 and 544 of the report are really complete nonsense as British companies already pay "double taxation" when they pay income tax on top of profits tax. They paid "treble taxation" a few years ago when they paid the Excess Profits Levy as well. The fact that personal income tax would be paid on top of Corporation Profits Tax and only on distributed profits is really the great *advantage* of the single-tier tax system. The arguments about contingent liability that made the differential profits tax so unsatisfactory would not apply at all since personal income tax would not be paid by companies but by individuals.

It is not good enough for Conservative Chancellors to say, as Mr. Amory's Economic Survey said last March, that it is "wrong" for any one section of the community to "obtain a disproportionate share of the benefits of increasing productivity" and not to do anything about it. The obvious thing to do is to tax corporate and personal incomes separately as is done in the USA and as was recommended by Mr. Harold Wilson in the *Financial Times* on the day before last year's budget. By far the strongest argument for such a change is the only one used by the Royal Commission against it.

If the new Chancellor sympathizes with the views expressed at last year's Conservative Conference, he will also wish to find ways and means of

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increasing incentive and production and encouraging small savings. In this connection he may consider it most remarkable that over important ranges of income, earned incomes should be taxed more progressively than property incomes. Taxpayers are now allowed to deduct two-ninths of their earned income up to £4,000; but only one-ninth of earned income between £4,000 and £10,000 a year. If incentive is to be increased, earned incomes should be taxed less progressively than property incomes, not more so; and the obvious way to arrange this would be to tax earned and property incomes separately, as was done between 1907 and 1920.

Moreover, if this was done, very small property incomes from whatever source might be exempt from property income tax—say the first £50 of property income exclusive of income from National Savings Certificates and the first £15 of interest on POSB deposits. And the next £100 a year might be subject to property income tax at a very low rate. This would be a simpler and better way of encouraging small savings than the complicated tax concessions proposed in *The Growing Popularity of Share Ownership* and in the pamphlet *Everyman a Capitalist* to encourage the investment of small savings in ordinary shares or "Industrial Investment Certificates".

Moreover, if earned and property incomes were taxed separately, the heavier taxation of large property incomes would help to bring about a fairer distribution of property. Half the property in the country was still concentrated in the hands of 1 per cent of the population at the end of the war* and the reports of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue show that the richest 200,000 people in the country received a larger proportion

of total property incomes in 1957-58 than in 1950-51, suggesting that property is *less fairly* distributed than it was when the Conservatives came to power, in spite of all the talk of a property-owning democracy. A very light tax on small property incomes and a very heavy one on large ones would help to bring about a fairer distribution of property.

Why, then, should there not be two taxes, a very steeply progressive one on property incomes and a much less steeply progressive one on earned incomes? The two separate taxes were abandoned in 1920 on the recommendation of a Royal Commission on Taxation (Cmd. 615), but its arguments were not very convincing. It pointed out that if there are two separate taxes the deduction of personal allowances first from earned incomes leads to anomalies; but it *never even discussed the possibility* of personal allowances being deducted first from property incomes. This is most remarkable in that it can be demonstrated mathematically† that such a procedure would have exactly the same effect as the Earned Income Allowance recommended by the Royal Commission; so that the case against two separate taxes falls to the ground.

In the debate on the Finance Bill on June 22 last, some Conservatives argued that the first £15 of property income from any source should be exempt from income tax. This would encourage small savings; but if revenue is to be maintained large property incomes should surely be taxed more heavily at the same time; and with two separate taxes, taxes on larger earned incomes might be reduced too.

The separate taxation of corporate, earned and property incomes would give Chancellors much more scope for manœuvre. Corporation Profits Tax could be reduced to encourage company saving, Earned Income Tax could be reduced to increase incentive, and Property Income Tax on larger property incomes could be increased all at the same time. It is really ridiculous that taxes on these three very different kinds of income should

* Mrs. K. Langley, *Bulletin of Oxford Institute of Statistics*, Dec., 1950, Feb., 1951, Jan., 1954.

† The tax liability of an individual under present arrangements can be expressed mathematically.

Let A—the Standard Rate of Income Tax expressed as shillings in the £. Let B—the Earned Income Allowance expressed as a fraction of earned income, now two-ninths. Let C—Earned income in a particular case. Let D—the Property income of the same individual. And let E—the Personal Allowance which he is entitled to deduct from his total income before tax. The tax to which this person will then be liable will be:

$$A(D+C-BC-E) \text{ or } AD+AC-ABC-AE.$$

But now suppose the law is changed and earned and property incomes are subject to separate taxes, the property income tax being at the same rate as the present Standard Rate of income tax and the earned income tax being at a lower rate in the same proportion as the earned income allowance, i.e. at 7/9th of the rate of the property income tax.

Let us say that X—the rate of Earned Income Tax expressed as shillings in the pound. Then the tax liability of the same individual will be his liability to earned income tax plus his liability to property income tax.

That is $XC+A(D-E)$. But X equals $A(1-B)$. Therefore his tax liability is $AC(1-B)+A(D-E)$. This is: $AC-ABC+AD-AE$.

Which is exactly what his tax liability would be under present arrangements—see above. That is to say the arguments of the 1920 Royal Commission on the Income Tax (Cmd. 615) against the separate taxation of earned and property incomes are a lot of rubbish.

be linked together through the Standard Rate of Income Tax. But it is even more absurd that Schedule A Income Tax should be regarded as income tax at all.

Schedule A is a tax on income that might have been derived from house property if it had been let 20 years ago. But occupying owners do not let their homes and do not receive an income from them. They are thus taxed on an income which they do not receive; and have to pay the tax however small their real income may be.

Landlords receive an income when they let houses; but they can quite easily be taxed under Schedule D. What annoys many Conservative and other householders is that they should be expected to pay income tax on an income they do not receive. It is remarkable that Schedule A income tax should have been accepted for so long and even more remarkable that the Majority Report of the Royal Commission on Taxation should have recommended that it should continue as a matter of principle. It accepts the idea (para. 824) that "land is inherently a proper subject for taxation in a general income tax"; but as every schoolboy knows and as every taxpayer knows land is not income. It is legitimate to tax property, as when rates are levied; or to tax income derived from land. But it is ridiculous to impose income tax when there is no income.

The Royal Commission admits the absurdity of its position when it argues that income tax ought, in principle, to be levied on all other kinds of property—such as motor cars, TV sets, tables and toothbrushes. These things can be hired out just as much as houses; but there is no *income* when they are used by the owner. Some of these things may be taxed. We pay purchase tax when we buy a car and buy a licence every year when we have a TV set. But this is *indirect* taxation, taxation on property, and no-one but a member of a Royal Commission would confuse it with direct taxation.

When Schedule A was debated last June the only argument produced by the Government in its favour was that it needed the revenue. But this could be raised without too much difficulty. A Capital Gains Tax would have brought in a good deal of revenue in the two years after the 1958 budget when ordinary share values rose by over ten thousand millions. But the obvious way to raise the revenue is to impose a Land Tax of some kind, as suggested by Sir Colin Thornton-Kemsley in the debate on land values on July 18 last.

During the last five years the value of the shares of Mr. Cotton's City Centre Properties has increased 12 fold, and shareholders in many other property companies and the freehold owners of suburban land have also done very well. If Schedule A income tax was replaced by a tax on site values, it would ease the burden on householders, who would be taxed on the value of the site rather than on the value of their home; but it would catch the property speculators and ensure that the values resulting from the development of a community accrued to the community. Such a tax or "betterment levy" was recommended by the Uthwatt Committee and would mean, in effect, that land was no longer held freehold but was held subject to the payment of a charge to the public authorities; just as a charge is payable under the Scottish fue system and under the Evesham Custom.

HOMAGE—

ISAAC FOOT (1880-1960)

DERYCK ABEL

THERE was no-one quite like him. Each of us has distinctive memories. I remember Isaac Foot coming down to breakfast at the National Liberal Club, cheerfully informing some younger friends, not yet fully awake, that he had been reading his Greek Testament since 4-30. I remember Isaac, presiding over the Liberal Party Assembly at Bournemouth in 1947, lowering the temperature at one of its more restive and noisy moments, with the assurance that he was capable of conducting its business "without any gratuitous assistance from Mr. Dingle Foot". Then there was Isaac invoking a famous parliamentary occasion of long ago when a somewhat raw Labour Minister had pleaded "the law's delays" to the accompaniment of Isaac's quip, "... and the insolence of office."

And Isaac, on the telephone, advising a younger candidate: "Tell them it is a lie. Tell them it is a damned lie. Tell them it is no less a lie because it is uttered by a Tory gentleman of title." Isaac, advancing towards a peroration, chuckling merrily over one of his favourite anecdotes almost as if it were new to him: There was an ancient countryman who in extreme illness turned his thoughts for the first time to religion. In came the minister, and he wanted to make quite sure that his penitence was real. He said: "My friend, do you renounce the Devil and all his works?" And the man said: "I should be very pleased to, sir, but situated as I am I do not think I am in a position to make an enemy of anybody." Isaac, arriving at St. Albans Town Hall, tired and a little strained after meetings in 30 counties, asking for 15 minutes' solitude before he orated, but suddenly warming to a reminder of a speech of his in the old Queen's Hall in London on October 12, 1932, a fortnight after he had resigned his office as Minister of Mines in protest against the Ottawa Agreements.

That speech must be quoted here, for it is a striking example of his platform style. Isaac Foot believed in oratory as oratory. He disdained the contemporary practice of treating a speech as no more than an occasion for projecting chatty conversation into a public hall. He cannot, however, be termed a rhetorician of the old school, for he was his own school, happily quite unclassifiable. This is what he said about his resignation:—

"We are now out, and why are we out of the Government? Our agreement was to get the ship off the rocks and not to take her into the Protectionist port. Our arrangement was to serve under the White Ensign and not under the skull and crossbones of Protection. They have got their Protectionist goods now over the political customs frontier; but they were smuggled, and they only got them across because they took off the Tory label and put on the National label.

"The merchant to conceal his treasure

Conveys it in a borrowed name . . ."

"We have *always* beaten Protection if we have been given a fair fight and a free and open encounter . . . Mr. Neville Chamberlain went up to Birmingham and said, 'Free Trade is as dead as mutton.' If it is dead, how was it killed?"

When a man is on his trial, he is allowed to put himself upon his country. Free Trade was never given that chance.

"Free Trade was killed by political lynch-law, and when the Third Reading of the Import Duties Bill came along and I was allowed by the grace of the Tory backbenchers to speak for about eight minutes in that great controversy, Mr. Neville Chamberlain turned to me after I had finished and after they had shouted 'Resign', and he said: 'We have had tonight the passionate and despairing cry of a man who is convinced that he has seen the last of Free Trade.'

"It was not despairing, but it was passionate, and it was passionate because of the way in which Free Trade fell. It did not fall in open battle.

"This Caesar did not fall in the long campaigns of Gaul and Spain, this Caesar did not go down on the stricken fields of Thapsus and Pharsalia. This Caesar fell by the stroke of the dagger of Casca Chamberlain and the sword-thrust of Cassius Simon and Brutus Runciman . . .

" . . . The world is in trouble today, and the great thing is that in getting out of our trouble we get out the right way, and if we are in the Slough of Despond I suggest to you that unlike Pliable we should not get out with our faces towards the City of Destruction, but we should get out with our faces towards the Celestial City"

That was a great speech. His were almost all great speeches. For the Parliaments of 1922 and 1923, 1929 and 1931, in which he sat for Bodmin, Hansard will yield a noble crop. Another, and much more recent, example is an address on "The Lawyer Outside his Profession", delivered to the Law Society at its Annual Conference at Newquay in Cornwall, and occupying full 14 columns of *The Law Society's Gazette* for November, 1956. The paper incorporates a pleasing story of a notoriously incomprehensible clause in the Widows' Pension Bill of 1929. Isaac Foot invited the Attorney-General to elucidate it. The clause was the precursor of many such in the delegated legislation of World War II. It ran as follows:

"Unless in any case the context otherwise requires, any reference in this Act to the Principal Act or to any other enactment contained in that Act shall be construed as a reference to that Act or that enactment as amended by this Act and any reference in this Act to the Insurance Act or to any enactment contained in that Act shall be construed as a reference to that Act or to that enactment as amended by any other Act, including this Act."

Isaac ventured the notion that the beautiful voice of Sir William Jowitt might, were he to repeat the clause, transform it into something resembling an ode of Keats or a sonnet of Wordsworth. Next day (November 19, 1929) the *Evening Standard* adopted his suggestion and fashioned a sonnet from this promising material. Isaac gaily delivered the appropriate issue to the Office of the Law Officers of the Crown.

Isaac Foot was, as they say, all of a piece, and the key to his life and works is that he was a very great practising Christian. His religion and his political philosophy mingled and merged to form a whole that, in all circumstances, enriched his life and yielded unto it a new dimension. Methodism, Liberalism, the Authorized Version, Bunyan and Milton, Wesley and Watts and Wordsworth, were his loves. He was at home in the House of Commons, in the Albert Hall and at the tiny school-meeting in the chemistry laboratory, in the Methodist Conference (of which he became Vice-President in 1937) and in the country chapel, at Sotheby's or Christie's or Bumpus', and with Plymouth Argyle. He gloried in the

progress of India towards self-determination, and, both at the Round Table Conference and afterwards, made his contribution towards it. He rejoiced in the talents of his sons and daughters and daughters-in-law, as did they in his. The Liberalism of John was doubtless most akin to his own. He took especial pride in Michael's book, *The Pen and the Sword*. He was wont to say that he had long since learned the truth of a sentence of Juvenal, who had opined that one household sufficed if one wished to study all the habits and the vicissitudes of the human race.

For Isaac Foot the Great Civil War was with us yet. The public issues which made the seventeenth century what it was—and is—had their counterpart in the twentieth. Good men had fought on both sides, for Parliament and law and liberty, for the divine right of the Stuart kings. In every age and generation, the cause of civic and personal freedom needed such men as John Pym, John Hampden, John Selden and John Eliot—perhaps even harsher Cromwellian medicine. And who can say that Isaac Foot was wrong? In his own time, he fought the good fight against the squirearchy of the West Country—and against the harbingers of the Servile State.

(Continued from page 104)

for the chief announcer to ping a small bell to make the judges show the marks they have awarded—on an elaborate cricket scoreboard. Usually the scoreboard shows the latest score before the bell has pinged, and the judges have shown their cards, but prescience is all on the telly. And as the programme winds up, the various announcers in the various dancehalls all whip up their synthetic partisan spirit (as if a man called Alex Macintosh could worry about Weston-super-Mare!) launch their small jokes to the unaware audience, another burst of small-arms fire from the St. Vitus section, valedictory messages to the winners ("We know you will wear our scalps at your belt with honour . . .") a final frantic ping from the chief announcer in London—farewell to the Guest Celebrity Judge (who is paid to appear, is not judging celebrities but rather appraising dancers)—and the end. In three places widely spaced the engineers dismantle their apparatus, the work just beginning; the partisans part hurriedly from their newly-found geographical allegiances; in a million homes the cocoa is served, Britain sleeps—and before this, so too does the critic.

In the cinema the pace has been no faster. A scarcely-satisfying version of *The Singer, Not The Song*, wherein the intensity of the plot just managed to carry the piece to some success. The story of the priest and the bandit locked in mortal combat for the collective soul of a small Mexican township is strong enough. The political and religious conflict brought the strength of the brew to something over-proof. Nigel Balchin has been forced to edit the narrative to contain it within the scope of the screen. The more fascinating shades and nuances of people and personality have been lost in the proceedings. The film remains worth a visit, largely because of the superb performance of John Mills as the priest. He conveyed the real sense of loneliness and isolation that comes to all men when they are alone with conscience and inclination. He played every scene with force and conviction. Dirk Bogarde is less happy as Anacleto the bandit. Somehow the baleful evil that the book conveyed has been filtered away beneath some of Mr. Bogarde's indisputable charm. The quite silly get-ups he has been given to wear do little to heighten the illusion. Nonetheless, I feel that devotees of Mr. Bogarde will not be disappointed. The uncommitted, perhaps, will become more certain in their doubt. I enjoyed *The Singer, Not The Song* as a piece of cinema expertise; I did not appreciate it as a cinematic version of a strong and compelling novel.

CONTEMPORARY PROFILE—

GALBRAITH IN CEYLON

F. D. C. WIJESINGHE

WHAT sort of a man is Galbraith, the author of what R. H. S. Crossman has called "the most iconoclastic study of political economy since Keynes' *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*"? At the outset I should say that his name is pronounced Gaul-braith. H. W. Singer, the economist, corrected me at Bangkok last year when I referred to him as Gal-braith.

Galbraith visited Ceylon in April, 1959. Our former Prime Minister, Mr. Bandaranaike, liked him. He treated Galbraith as a state guest, placing a suite at his official residence, Temple Trees, at Galbraith's disposal, and also an official car in which he toured the country. I had the privilege of accompanying Professor Galbraith on this tour.

Tall, lanky and big-framed, Galbraith strikes one as being more a man of action than a thinker, but one has to get talking with him to see the quality of his wit, his puckish humour and his liberality of outlook.

Galbraith said: "Let us leave Temple Trees at six-thirty." If one says six-thirty in Ceylon one usually means seven, but I arrived at six-thirty-five to find the Professor quite ready and striding up and down the verandah of Temple Trees. I apologized for being late, parked my car and joined the Professor in the limousine that the Prime Minister had placed at his disposal.

Soon we were out of Colombo and speeding along the beautiful road to Kandy. After a short time we were travelling through great green fields of rice. Galbraith was thrilled with the scene. He stopped the car, got down and stalked into the fields followed by a crowd of village boys. When he arrived at the middle of the field he took out his camera and took a beautiful shot of a farmer ploughing the field with a primitive ox-driven plough. Throughout our trip it was matters of "economic" interest that Galbraith most enjoyed photographing.

At Kandy we visited the University, picked up the Professor of Economics, Das Gupta, and drove through the hills to Nuwara Eliya, the garden city of Ceylon. The Prime Minister was expecting Galbraith, Das Gupta and "one other" for lunch. Galbraith was fascinated with the wild mountain scenery on the road to Nuwara Eliya. When we arrived at the Lodge we were met by Mr. Bandaranaike himself. He greeted us in a most friendly manner. He led us to the beautiful drawing-room where we found Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, the Governor-General, and Pandit Shiv Sharma, who had come to Ceylon to advise on the indigenous development of medicine.

Galbraith spoke little at lunch, but after the meal the Prime Minister

took him into the garden and the two were soon in earnest conversation. The Prime Minister had read *The Affluent Society*. He felt that the man who could diagnose the ills of western capitalism so well would have something to offer him in the way of a synthesis between British Parliamentary democracy and the teachings of Marx. Galbraith, of course, had no cut-and-dried solution to offer. Both were, however, agreed that a high degree of central planning was a pre-requisite to economic development in the young and growing nations of Asia.

Galbraith was greatly impressed by the Governor-General, Sir Oliver Goonetilleke. He told me later, "I have never met a Head of a State with his knowledge of the details of administration". And no wonder. Sir Oliver was Civil Defence Commissioner during the war and afterwards Home Minister and High Commissioner to the United Kingdom.

We returned from Nuwara Eliya through some of the most beautiful country in Ceylon that afternoon. Galbraith was fascinated with the great rolling hills dotted with tea bushes and with here and there a roaring waterfall. When we stopped to admire a particularly beautiful view I took a photograph of the two Professors—the diminutive Das Gupta and the large lanky Galbraith—on Das Gupta's camera. This photograph is one of Professor Das Gupta's most cherished possessions.

We returned to Kandy that night and I arranged for Galbraith's accommodation at the Queen's Hotel. "Ask for the largest and best room available," he said, "I always believe in asking for the best but am content with whatever is available." He was in excellent spirits at dinner. He commented on almost everyone in the dining saloon during the meal. "Now look at that man over there, what would you say is his occupation?" "He looks like a tea planter to me," I said. "I do not think so," he said. "Look at him again. He is too flabby to be a tea planter; I just cannot imagine him getting up at 4 a.m. to take the muster. He looks to me the sort of man who does not get out of his bed till seven; I think he is probably an executive in a firm selling estate goods in Kandy." In this way his keen incisive mind sized up each and every diner.

From Kandy we went on to Sigiriya where some of the most beautiful frescoes in the world are to be found on a rock-fortress. As we climbed the great rock the wind howled around us and I, although very much younger than Galbraith, made slow progress. He kept going without as much as a pause for rest until he reached the frescoes. The frescoes are supposed to be figures of the beautiful queens of the ancient Sinhalese king, Kasyapa. The women are shown waist upwards. Galbraith was fascinated with the Sigiriya frescoes and he took several photographs of them. As we were about to leave, he realised that he had omitted to take them at a particular angle and came back to photograph them once again. We slept that night at Sigiriya resthouse, where Galbraith was troubled by mosquitoes. In the morning, as usual, he asked for fruit for breakfast. "I keep fit on fruit," he said.

From Sigiriya we motored through virgin jungle to Polonnaruwa. Galbraith was thrilled at the wealth of bird life in the country through which we passed. At one point a great water lizard (Kabragoya in Sinhalese) made its way onto the road. "Look at that prehistoric monster," said Galbraith. He was quite correct. The Ceylon water lizard is perhaps one of the few species surviving from the age of amphibian reptiles.

Polonnaruwa resthouse commands a lovely view over one of the "tanks" built by the ancient Sinhalese kings. We went there for lunch. Galbraith enjoyed his rice and curry. It was a pleasure to see him eat so heartily. He was keenly interested in the ruins of the ancient palaces and temples which are found in various parts of the city of Polonnaruwa. I tried to find one of the Archaeological Department's guide lecturers to get him to explain the significance of each of the ancient monuments, but the man was on leave and I had to do my best to fill the breach. It was a pleasure to find an American with Galbraith's sympathetic understanding of the East. I felt ashamed of my inadequate knowledge of the history of my country in the presence of this Westerner who seemed to understand it well.

The trip back from Polonnaruwa to Colombo took four and a half hours and we talked about Galbraith's work at Harvard, the Public Service Fellowship scheme for economists from underdeveloped countries and, finally, politics in Ceylon. With all his fame and eminence never did he give me the faintest impression of superiority or conceit. That was the man's greatness.

At the end of his short (two weeks') stay in Ceylon, Galbraith wrote an extremely valuable paper on "Industrial Organization and Economic Development" on the problem of finding an organization for the industries in the public sector of the economy which would provide a maximum chance for efficiency and success. This he did after personally interviewing the Chairmen of several Public Corporations, several Permanent Secretaries and other leading executives such as the General Manager of the Ceylon Railways. No sooner had Galbraith left Ceylon than there was a great demand for his paper and I had to spend the next few days getting more copies cyclostyled and dispatching them to various institutions. Finally, his paper, together with those of other economists who had visited us—Hicks, Kaldor, Joan Robinson, Lange, Mrs. Hicks and Myrdal—was published by the Planning Secretariat and can be obtained at the Government Publications Bureau, Colombo.

From Ceylon Galbraith went to India and thence to Russia. He told me that he was the first American to be invited to lecture at a Russian University.

When Galbraith was leaving I went to Colombo Airport to see him off, taking my little daughter with me. When I introduced her to him he bent down and shook hands with her very gravely. As he was leaving my little girl said: "Thaththi (father), that uncle is like a coconut-tree walking."

"THE LIBERAL HOUR"

DAVID GOLDBLATT

IN *The Liberal Hour* (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.) an eminent professor whose advice, one believes, has been sought in the highest circles, lets himself go with a vengeance. He ranges both in subject and style. For the best part of half an hour he is the applied economist never using a four-letter word where the multi-polysyllabic of economic jargon will do. Then follow 20 minutes of as enjoyable a riot among the established gods of his and the previous era as ever was. Finally come 10 minutes of irony, tongue in cheek; a Canadian-born showing how well he has adapted himself to Yankee humour.

The 10 minutes of part three are amusing, if parochial. One enjoys the wit though the scene and subject hold no message. The 20 minutes of part two are sheer delight. Here are exposed the foibles and nonsense of our age. He guides us with a sure hand through the history of the United States of America since the turn of the century. He has little, if any, time for the Republican in politics or business. He watches and comments on the change from the individual to the team in life political and economic, and, having shown us how badly man comes out when seen from Mount Olympus by the professorial gods, comes down to earth in two splendid chapters where publicity and Ford are exposed as frauds. The unfortunate Henry Ford is hanged, drawn and quartered and the wretched remnants consigned to the fire. Even his ashes are not allowed to rest in peace; there is about it a touch of venom. The cream of the book rests under the heading "The Build-up and the Public Man". It takes barely three minutes of *The Liberal Hour*. It might well be that all of *The Liberal Hour* could have been devoted with advantage to projecting these hammer strokes under a short title of "The Build-up and the Public", but Professor Galbraith whets the appetite and leaves us. He shows us how the public relations officers create god-like figures out of ordinary mortals and then are let down by their subjects, since no one can maintain such infallibility to match the myth. The danger of public disillusionment is made crystal-clear as we are warned of the perils of politics. But he shies off the even greater evil of the build-up of goods to be foisted upon the public because where the area of exploitation is so vast, the demand for change ever present and the public memory so short, that we are all the prey of the persuaders and their fellow-conspirators, the manufacturers. For full measure Professor Galbraith could have brought his considerable powers of analysis and irony to bear upon the effects of monopoly (mainly under cover) and grouping—the modern jargon for the trust, now avoided as perjorative. His liberal hour could never have been spent upon a more profitable theme.

The first 30 minutes of part one are heavy with diagnosis and only the last minute, three pages in extent, proffer any suggestion of a cure, and at once a philosophic Liberal finds his head in a whirl. It is proper to realize that Liberal has a very different connotation in the USA from that generally accepted in Europe, but, even so, it is disconcerting to find a demand for tripartite committees representing labour, management and

consumer to examine price and wage movements and pronounce for the succeeding year. This is strange fare from one who inclines towards the free market but does not appear to realize that such a market constitutes a committee in constant session, unfettered by the need to pronounce but once a year and as sensitive as mercury to the winds of change of fashion and nature's vagaries. The pity of it is that economics has been elevated into a science regarded as indispensable to the Treasury and Big Business. It has hived off from history and engaged itself to accountancy and the applied sciences. Thus it is called upon to deal with present problems plaguing the administrator in government and the executive in trade. The average economist is kept busy ministering to the corns of modern civilization and if a rare exception spends time and words querying modern ways or envisaging a different approach he is dismissed as visionary, reactionary or crank, a dilettante browsing in a musty past or an unrealizable future.

There would be advantage in spending a second hour well removed from pressing problems, not assuming that what is must be. Profit might lie in asking whether the standards by which we now measure well-being are those which should apply, and what of the future. Our liberal hour should be focussed upon the bases of communal life with statistics looked at askance for the counting of things and acts so often distorts and deludes. Despite universal literacy the impress of individualism is on the decline. We appear to have learnt nothing except how to live in bigger units with better gadgets. In a world where the scientific break-throughs crowd one upon another with embarrassing rapidity we demand our cures and answers in the simplest terms. The expert must come to our rescue to save us getting out of our depths, to think for us, to decide for us. We measure life in terms of freedoms but not freedom, content to surrender personality in exchange for order and organization wrapped up in a nicely guilded pill, Democracy—Eastern or Western according to taste or coercion.

In this liberal hour we must take time for deeper analysis. Man's history seldom makes pretty reading. Invention may be fecund, literacy worldwide, yet we learn little or nothing from the past—remote or near-present—to vouchsafe for us safety of life, security of assets, immunity from power in man or men. In the name of public interest, private initiative is denied if not crushed. We live in a daze of orders and counter-orders designed for the "common good", in a welter of exhortation suggesting that we are beset with indolence, ignorance and apathy. We are troubled why and how in so planned a world situations change at such bewildering speed. Or could it be that the experts can sometimes err in judgment and calculation! Carlyle's dictum that "Man has been transformed from a body slave into a wage slave" gains point daily. There is a divinity which shapes our ends, housed in governmental buildings while the facade of parliament, under whatever name, remains to calm doubts and fears. Publicity in a myriad forms tells us we are the masters of our destiny and we bask in the sunshine of leadership where great figures, each in his own brief moment acclaimed as god-given, only fade out of our ken.

During such a liberal hour we may well ask whether the future must follow this course, whether the vaunted material advance is its direct consequence or whether the graph of production might not have been

much the same in a society less controlled. The planners do not make their point by jobbing back unless they can prove that under a system of greater personal initiative progress stopped or receded. Let them research into the plumbing of the Stately Homes of a century since, before condemning housing schemes of the nineteenth century. Civilization never sprang fully fashioned and faultless out of anyone's head. Such a myth is reserved for the gods. It would be a healthy corrective for the all-knowing if they could but be shown how they will be regarded by the third or fourth generation to come.

The liberal hour must be the radical hour, probing our roots to find whether there be strength to endure, whether we can ensure man's continuance as an individual rather than as a cipher in an institution which thrives vampire-like upon its prey. Such an hour must allow for the differences in human beings since in variety and its development lies most of the reason for living. It runs through the gamut of people, their interests and activities. It is the alternative to the team where the genius and the tangential are insufferable nuisances. In a liberal hour we do not live in fear of the progress of our neighbours: there can but be rejoicing at the growth of production wherever it occurs and concern only where curtains hang to impede exchange. Aloofness brings estrangement and cold war.

In this hour approach is everything. The yardstick is a belief in the individual and only then has freedom a meaning. Thence comes the possibility of readjustment to a way of life in which power can be hedged. If the all-embracing corporation must be the basis of future production, then let it at least be shorn of privilege and accessibility to the public ear, the major corruption of our day. Competition has acquired a sinister meaning implying unemployment. The new word is recession, masking lack of work by three-day weeks with governmental subsidy to master and man paid for by ever greater deterioration in quality albeit denied by greater advertisement—in all a tax adroitly disguised—and by gradual inflation. To counter the latter appears the monthly cost of living review, a device which deceives no-one, least of all the housewife vainly struggling to make this week's money go as far as the last.

But the liberal hour is, perforce, a difficult hour. It has first to establish its views in the common mind in phrases which attract in a world where little but materialism counts. It must gear ever more organization, probably in larger and larger units, to tolerance and the maintenance of personal development and rights, as well as foster competition. But still a more difficult task must be tackled. Power has moved towards the centre alarmingly. Government has arrogated unto itself new areas of control and interference and greater powers of enforcement, by comparison with which the terrors of the late Lord Hewart's *New Despotism* appear puny. Little men must be dragged out of their sense of helplessness or of apathy. They must be given encouragement and infused with courage. A healthy discontent must be engendered. Any other way spells danger since leaders defeat themselves and their followers unless they operate in a context where power is yielded grudgingly and never for long.

The liberal hour allows for no relaxation. It is radical and revolutionary, but, well-spent, it is rewarding.

Corso Svizzera 27, Turin.

THE WORLD SCENE—

CANTERBURY AND ROME

G. P. GOOCH

"WE are making history," exclaimed the Archbishop of Canterbury when he visited the Vatican. "Yes, we are," rejoined the venerable host. The Christian world with a few trifling exceptions applauded, and many wondered why this happy meeting had been so long deferred. The question carries us deep into history, for opinion on the great break remains as divided as ever. Broadly speaking, Protestants have always regarded it as a welcome liberation, Catholics as a culpable apostasy. Happily today our differences are less stridently proclaimed, for the theological temperature has fallen. That the wind of change has begun to blow is partly due to the Communist challenge to Christianity throughout the world. We should feel grateful to two wise old men who have realized that the time has come to end the cold war on the spiritual front, to view the *malaise* of our time in perspective, and to concentrate on the beliefs which we hold in common and the formidable responsibilities which confront every Church which professes allegiance to the teaching of Christ.

The separation from Rome of the Greek Orthodox Church in 1054 was due to doctrinal differences and took place without bloodshed. Rome has never regarded it as heretical though the term schismatic in Roman eyes is bad enough. The Protestant revolt was a far more complicated affair, and nowhere outside England was the drama a greater medley of motives. Ranke described the Reformation as the greatest achievement of the German people, but no serious scholar of today would speak of it as our finest hour. Like most other far-ranging historical movements, political and ideological, it produced both desirable and undesirable consequences. Both camps have a good deal to complain of in the record of each other, and a good deal to be ashamed of in their own performances. The English Reformers had a strong case against the secularization of the Papacy and the deterioration of many monasteries, while their opponents could justifiably point the finger at the divorce proceedings of Henry VIII and at the distribution of the monastic lands. "The giant lord who broke the bonds of Rome," as Gray described him, lived and died an orthodox Catholic so far as doctrine was concerned, and he would have been quite content to bequeath to his son the system re-shaped by the Reformation Parliament. But when the sluices were opened the waters gushed forth, and the Reformation as a doctrinal turning-point dates from Edward VI.

The brief reign of Mary, the pious and unhappy daughter of Catherine of Aragon, did more to deepen the gulf between Rome and Canterbury than the reigns of her father and brother, for the fires of Smithfield aroused a horror in the popular consciousness which has never passed away. The story of Mary's 300 victims executed for their faith alone—for none of them questioned her right to the throne—was told in Foxe's *Book of*

Martyrs, the favourite reading (with the Bible and *The Pilgrim's Progress*) of generations of Puritans in the new as well as in the old world. With the Elizabethan Martyrs the case was different. Loyal Catholics were not molested in the early phase of the reign, and their sufferings only began when the Pope excommunicated the Virgin Queen and absolved her Catholic subjects from their allegiance. The security of the country appeared to rest on the physical survival of the ruler, and we can understand how deeply her subjects felt the need of severity against her mortal foes. The Queen herself was a moderate throughout life, little interested in religious controversies, mildly disapproving the marriage of the clergy, and only signing Mary's death warrant after months of pressure from her Ministers and the discovery of the Babington plot. The general dislike of Rome was enhanced by the massacre of Saint Bartholomew and the Spanish atrocities in the Netherlands. Englishmen slept more quietly in their beds when the British fleet, aided by a sudden storm in the Straits of Dover, sent the Spanish Armada flying round the north of Scotland and saved them from prospective bondage and the Inquisition. The half-century of religious conflict was over at last.

The attitude of large sections of the British people a century ago towards Rome was mirrored in Froude's 12 volumes on Tudor England from the fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Armada. Having lost his faith during the Oxford Movement, he proceeded to deliver a broadside against the Roman Church which in his opinion had been our deadliest foe. His defence of the Reformation rested on the broadest ground. Starting with the conviction that Rome was the enslaver of mind and soul, he entertained heartfelt gratitude towards the men who broke its sway. The Reformation, he believed, was infinitely more than a duel between rival dogmas; it was a desperate struggle to decide whether England should govern herself or be ruled by priests. The breach with Rome, as he saw it, was the beginning of our greatness, a blow struck for human freedom. That there were plenty of good men on the Catholic side he was fully aware, but those who like himself felt that the right side had won should be grateful to their deliverers. His documentary researches led him to believe that Henry VIII received the support of a large majority of the nation in proclaiming the unfettered sovereignty of the Crown. Twentieth century scholars such as Herbert Fisher, Pollard and Elton present a more balanced picture, and Creighton's volumes on the Renaissance Popes aroused a protest from Lord Acton at the lenity of judgment by the cool-blooded Anglican Bishop.

The fierce passions of the sixteenth century began to cool during the seventeenth century, though it started badly with Gunpowder Plot and the assassination of Henri IV. The scholarly James I disliked Puritans more than Catholics, and Charles I married a Catholic princess. High Church divines from the accession of the Stuarts till today have written in friendly fashion of various aspects of Catholic tradition and practice, and have recognized that Bossuet presented much evidence for his thesis that Protestantism with its principle of private judgment was incurably addicted

to fragmentation. If Roman discipline was considered over-centralized, some Protestant Churches might be thought to possess too little authority. The High Churchmen, however, could only speak for a portion of their countrymen, and the new nonconformist sects—above all the Baptists and the Quakers—disliked all ceremonies which reminded them of bygone times. That fiery passions were still smouldering was manifested in the horrible incident of the so-called Popish Plot during the reign of Charles II. That cynical ruler, who believed in Catholicism so far as he believed in anything, was resolved, as he used to say, never to go on his travels again; and he made no attempt to revive the religion of his mother, but his brother, James II, a declared and zealous Catholic, was driven out of the country by a combination of Whigs and Tories. Anti-Catholic sentiment had recently been strengthened by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the arrival of thousands of Huguenots in London who received a friendly welcome and settled down as useful citizens. A Protestant ruler and his English wife were imported from Holland, and on their death without children the Protestant Anne ascended the throne. To avoid a repetition of an attempt to undo the Reformation the Act of Settlement prescribed that Protestants alone shall occupy the throne.

The Hanoverian monarchs who succeeded were never seriously endangered by attempts of the Old Pretender, son of James II, in 1715 and of the Young Pretender in 1745. In the Age of Reason the Church of England was predominantly latitudinarian. Bishop Butler, its greatest ornament, was engrossed in problems of religious philosophy, and Wesley was more concerned with the winning of souls than with fighting old battles over again. At the end of the century, however, there was still enough anti-Papist prejudice to generate the Gordon riots of 1780, so vividly described by Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge*, in which the mob broke loose and destroyed Newgate prison. It was the second of two shocking outbreaks of which the Popish Plot episode was the first. A decade later the sufferings of royalists and clergy when the storm broke over France aroused deep sympathy with its victims, many of whom fled across the Channel and found shelter on the country estates of great landowners. No one voiced the feelings of a generous people with such eloquence as Burke, in whose eyes differences within the Christian fold appeared insignificant in relation to the shattering assault on the continuity of Christian civilization.

Since the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church the revolutionary era was followed in western lands by a revival of interest in religion. In his impressive treatise *Du Pape*, Joseph de Maistre planted the seed of modern Ultramontanist by his demand for the restoration of the authority of the Vatican, not merely in regard to faith and morals but also in the sphere of national politics and international disputes. In France, Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme* was followed by Lamennais's appeal to the Church to seek support among the masses rather than among the nobility and the upper bourgeoisie. Lacordaire's sermons filled Notre Dame, and Montalembert, son and husband of Englishwomen, helped to

secure permission for Confessional schools. In England the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 rewarded the oratorical crusade of O'Connell by granting full political rights. No more competent and tactful spokesman for Rome in the Restoration era could have been found than Cardinal Wiseman, who won universal respect.

A few years after his arrival, though in no way owing to his influence, Keble preached a sermon at Oxford in 1833 which is generally regarded as marking the beginning of the Oxford Movement, which played as important a part in our religious history during the nineteenth century as that of the Methodists in the eighteenth. The High Church, which had dominated the Anglican Church under the Stuarts, had long ceased to count, and Keble believed that the time had come to revive it. At his side stood Pusey, the greatest Biblical scholar of his time, and Newman, whose studies of the Fathers had led him to value sacramentalism and certain practices of Rome. The three clergymen gradually attracted a group of young men, clergy and laymen, to their banner. After 12 years of friendly co-operation, however, Newman announced his secession to Rome, and explained his reasons in his *Apologia*, the most celebrated of his books. He was followed by Manning in 1851, and other converts. Ward, known as Ideal Ward from the title of one of his writings, declared, half in jest and half in earnest, that he would like to find an Encyclical on his breakfast-table every morning. Pusey and Keble remained leaders of the High Church party in the Anglican communion. Newman proceeded to pour out writings, *The Development of Christian Doctrine*, *The Grammar of Assent*, *The Difficulties of Anglicans*, which entitle him to be regarded as the most eminent English Catholic since the Reformation and perhaps the most influential Catholic theologian since Aquinas. The story of the Oxford Movement may be studied in documented biographies of the highest interest. Dean Church's classical *History of the Oxford Movement* and Liddon's massive life of Pusey explained why most High Churchmen remained in the Church in which they were born, while Wilfrid Ward wrote the official life of his father, W. G. Ward, and of Newman after 1845, Purcell's life of Manning completing the story. Never since the Reformation had the Anglican and Roman Churches drawn so closely together as during the middle decades of the nineteenth century, and the impress of the High Church revival has been stamped on generations of zealous Anglicans.

The proclamation by the Vatican Council in 1870 of the infallibility of the Pope when he spoke *ex cathedra* on faith and morals came as something of a shock to many High Churchmen, among them Gladstone, who objected in a volume on the Vatican Decrees. He was horrified by the excommunication of his old friend Dollinger, the most erudite of Church historians. A much younger friend, Lord Acton, of whose company, testifies Lord Morley, Gladstone could never have enough, escaped excommunication because he was a layman, though he continued to be viewed with suspicion by Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. Catholic confidence in the future was proclaimed by the construction of stately Cathedrals in West-

minster and Liverpool, the latter city being chosen on account of its large Irish population.

Despite the Vatican Decrees some extreme High Churchmen cherished hopes for ultimate reunion. It was the passion of Lord Halifax, who in old age invited a Catholic friend to write his biography, to sponsor discussions. The attempt was a failure, and the Vatican, which had never revealed the slightest intention of recognizing Anglican Orders, proceeded in 1896 to issue an Encyclical rejecting their validity. Thirty years later, after the cataclysm of the First World War, a second series of conversations took place at Malines, where in extreme old age Lord Halifax discussed with Cardinal Mercier and Abbé Portal the cause he had at heart. Though he declared the Reformation a disaster, he never crossed the Rubicon; and Bishop Gore, the most eminent of High Churchmen, whose conception of the Church was much closer to Rome than to any of the non-episcopal Churches, never dreamed of deserting the Communion to whose service he had devoted his life. Dr. Inge contemptuously dismissed "Anglican flirtations" with Belgian Cardinals, and the semi-official contacts have not been renewed till now. Archbishop Davidson was sympathetic but reserved.

The average Anglican, whether cleric or layman, remains content with his lot. He sometimes raises his eyebrows at the "Roman" ritual of extreme High Churchmen, and is inclined to welcome the announcement that such men have found their proper home in Rome. At the other end of the scale a few Broad Churchmen have moved away from Trinitarianism and from a belief in miracles, and Bishop Barnes retained his See at Birmingham after announcing his inability to believe in the Virgin Birth of Christ. Canterbury is sundered from Rome not merely by its rejection of the latter's claim to be the sole divinely authorized Christian Church, but by certain moral issues which arouse deep feelings in both communities. Rome sets her face against divorce, which Canterbury accepts in certain circumstances, and against mechanical birth control which the Pan-Anglican Conference of 1930 reluctantly accepted subject to certain conditions. Many Catholics today hold that some Anglicans are becoming too lenient in the sphere of morals, while many Anglicans feel that Rome is not facing up to the urgent problem of overpopulation in backward countries, unmindful of Nehru's declaration that if India had half her numbers she would have twice her standard of living.

Though the unyielding attitude of both camps appears to rule out reunion, there is an increasing readiness on both sides for friendly co-operation in many spheres. With Communism in possession of half the world, and likely to retain its control, the Christian Churches are confronted with their gravest challenge since the conversion of Constantine. They can best meet it by wholeheartedly striving for the maintenance of the lofty standards set by the Founder of the noblest religion which has appeared on earth.

APARTHEID, THE SOUTH AFRICAN TREASON TRIAL AND HUMAN RIGHTS

NORMAN BENTWICH

THE terrible incidents in the execution of the South African Government's policy of "apartheid", which denies Human Rights to a majority of the population, because of their race, shocked the peoples of Britain, the British Commonwealth and most of the world. They have almost thrown into the shade the grave incidents of the South African treason trial which involves 30 accused persons, some white, some black, and which drags along its slow length in its fourth year. What action can the British Government and the common man take to vindicate the principles of the Charter of the United Nations about Human Rights and the principles of British and natural justice which are being violated? The Union of South Africa is one of the few States of the United Nations that have not signed the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, but the Charter, which is binding on the Union of South Africa, contains a clear statement of international concern for Human Rights and fundamental freedoms. The Preamble starts with a fine-sounding declaration: "We, the peoples of the world, determined to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights and in the dignity and worth of the human person . . ." And one of the primary purposes of the United Nations is "to achieve international co-operation in promoting and encouraging respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms for all, without distinction of creed, race and nation . . ." Not only Governments, but also international non-governmental organisations, which have been recognized by the United Nations, are entitled to protest against the denial of those rights and freedoms to its citizens by any member-State of the world society.

The history of the Charter will help us to understand why action can be taken by Governments and by international voluntary bodies to express the voice of humanity. The failure of the League of Nations and of individual nations to intervene effectively with Nazi Germany against her barbarous persecution of Jews, "non-Aryans", and political opponents brought unparalleled calamity on the world, and led directly to the massacre of peoples, what was called in the Nuremberg trials the crime of "genocide". The conscience of humanity was moved by that terrible crime, and by the feeling of guilt, to enact in 1949, through the Assembly of the United Nations, an International Convention against Genocide, that is, the attempt to destroy or degrade a race or section of the people. The Convention reflects the awareness that the nations and the human race cannot disclaim responsibility for mass persecution of a section of its subjects by any sovereign state, on the pretext that that is essentially a matter of domestic jurisdiction. There was a close connection between the Nazi violation of human rights and the destruction of world peace. The lesson of the failure to check the inhuman persecution was brought home to the statesmen of the Allied nations in the early years of the World War. It formed one of the bases of the statement of war aims proclaimed by President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill in 1941, which was adopted by the Allies as the Atlantic Charter.

National intervention against inhuman treatment of racial or religious minorities, or a section of its subjects, by a sovereign state had been recognized for centuries in international law as a customary practice. In the Peace settlements after the First World War special provisions were made by the so-called Minority Treaties between the Principal Allied Powers and the new or enlarged States formed in Europe, Poland, Yugoslavia, Lithuania, Turkey, for equal citizenship for racial, religious and national minorities. They were declared to be matters of international concern. Germany was not one of the states required to make a treaty for the assurance of the rights of minorities, except only in regard to Upper Silesia, because she claimed that she did not treat any part of her population as a minority. But her persecution of Jews and "non-Aryans" was made a matter of international concern at the Assembly of the League in 1933, the last in which she took part. Unfortunately, the protest of the Powers in the League was not followed up by effective action, although already the stream of refugees from persecution was a matter affecting the good understanding between nations, and no longer one of exclusive domestic concern.

The provisions of the Charter made explicit an international responsibility for the assurance of human rights, with an almost wearisome repetition. The General Assembly, the supreme organ, may discuss any question or any issue within the scope of the Charter, which includes the assurance of human rights and fundamental freedoms, and is directed to introduce studies and make recommendations for assisting the establishment of those rights and freedoms. The Economic and Social Council was required to set up a Commission for the Protection of Human Rights, and that Commission as its first task prepared the Universal Declaration of 1948, and two draft covenants designed to amplify the principles of the Declaration in more exact legal language. The Council, moreover, was directed to make suitable arrangements for consultation with non-governmental organizations, being international voluntary bodies concerned with moral, social and economic issues which come before the Council.

The same note is emphasised in the chapter on the international trusteeship system, which applies to the territories in Africa and Polynesia, previously administered under a mandate of the League of Nations. Among the basic objects of the system is to promote political, social and educational advancement of the inhabitants in the trust territories, and to encourage respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms for all, without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion. That clause would have applied to the territory of South-West Africa, which was under the mandate of the Union of South Africa, if the mandatory had carried out its obligation to change the League's mandate into a trust territory. The Union, however, refused not only to make such a transformation, but also to render a report to the Trusteeship Council as the successor of the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League, though the International Court of Justice gave an advisory opinion that it was under a duty to do so. The obstinate standpoint taken by the Union is that her legislation about Apartheid and her treatment of her African subjects are matters of exclusively and essentially domestic concern. She

therefore rejected the appeal of the Assembly calling on her to explore measures of conciliation with the representatives of India and other Asiatic States, who are deeply concerned. Her attitude violates the spirit of the Charter, which makes human rights and fundamental freedoms no longer a matter of exclusive national policy, but an international interest.

There are today no fixed frontiers of international law; they are moving frontiers, like those of the United States of America in the nineteenth century. The treatment by a state of its own subjects, which violates principles of the Charter, the denial of fundamental freedoms to any part of the inhabitants of a country, whether a sovereign state or a colony, are now concerns of the United Nations. But no regular machinery has hitherto been set up for dealing with complaints. The Council of Europe in the last years has pointed the way of giving effect to the international responsibility for individual rights. It adopted at Rome a convention defining the rights and has established two instruments to deal with complaints of violation: an Executive Committee of the member states, which, if conciliation fails, will try to find a solution binding on the state concerned; and the European Court of Human Rights, to which states who have adopted an optional clause in the Rome Covenant on Human Rights have given jurisdiction to examine the petition of an individual or a group, complaining of denial or violation of those rights. The UK, though ratifying the Convention, has not adopted that clause; but it is a tribute to the international respect for British justice that the members of the Council of Europe elected as the first president of the European Court the former English Judge and past President of the International Court of Justice, Lord McNair.

The Court has begun the hearing of its first case, which was brought by a citizen of Eire against his Government, complaining of illegal detention after he was acquitted on a charge of being in unlawful possession of a fire-arm. What a grim contrast with the position in South Africa! Here an international court examining the complaint of one individual against his State; and there the Government insisting that its denial of fundamental freedoms and human rights to the majority of the population, on the ground of race, is an issue of exclusive domestic concern.

In recent years jurists, judges and lawyers of the free world have formed an International Commission of Jurists, with its seat at The Hague—where the International Court of Justice is situated—for the assurance of the rule of law. The special purpose of the Commission is to marshal informed legal opinion of more than 50 countries and 30,000 lawyers for the protection of human rights wherever they are threatened by arbitrary power. The immediate motive was to check the denial of fundamental freedoms in the totalitarian democracies, e.g. in Hungary and Poland. But the attention of the Commission was early directed to the treason trial in the Union of South Africa, and an observer jurist was sent to watch the proceedings. The trial in 1958 entered a second stage, after the original indictment was withdrawn, and many of the accused were acquitted. The new indictment, however, calls for no less vigilance. The International Commission of Jurists has, as a main purpose, to attract the attention of the world when the rule of law is grossly violated, and to mobilize world

legal opinion against the abuse or violation of the principles of justice. The independence of the judiciary is one of the foundations of the rule of law, as the Western peoples conceive it; and that, too, has been threatened in South Africa by the act of the Government of the Union in nominating more judges of the Supreme Court, with the express purpose of overriding judges of that Court who rejected the validity of legislation designed to abolish the franchise of coloured people in part of the Union.

The Commission of Jurists sent last year Mr. Elwyn Jones, QC, MP, to South Africa as an observer of the treason trial and of the Sharpeville enquiry. He visited also a Native Commissioner's Court and heard a number of cases alleging offences under the Pass law. In his report he concluded: "If the recently introduced measures are continued, and the proposed legislation on censorship and on the Bar is put on the Statute Book, the twelve years of Nationalist rule will have finally deprived all non-whites of almost all the Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms set out in the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights; and the whites of South Africa will have suffered a grievous impairment of those same rights and freedoms. South Africa will then be a police state." The South African Bar is apprehensive that the proposed measures, particularly the formation of an Advocates' Admission Bureau, are a challenge to the independence of the legal profession. Earlier in the year the executive committee of the British section of the International Commission invited the Bar associations throughout the world to protest to the South African Government about fresh emergency regulations which were proclaimed on March 31. The regulations, they said, were contrary to the proper administration of law and to the principles of the rule of law contained in the Declaration of Delhi made by the lawyers of the world in the Conference of 1959.

Apart from the right of intervention of Governments, given by international law, the peoples of the British Commonwealth have a special obligation in the matter of the oppression of the Africans as well as of the treason trial. Action in any part of the Commonwealth which offends the principles of the world order, outrages world opinion, and rouses the resentment of the coloured citizens of the Commonwealth, who are a large majority, is of direct and acute concern to the rest. The only sanction on which public opinion can rely is moral, the mobilization of shame. But if the moral note is insistently repeated, it may yet be heard.

Since this article was written, the International Commission of Jurists has published a report on South Africa and the Rule of Law. It states that the application of the principle of Apartheid is morally reprehensible and violates the Rule of Law; and the continuation of the policy may soon lead to even greater internal violence than has already been experienced. The evil of the policy of separation of races lies in the presumption of racial superiority, translated into the deliberate infliction of an inferior way of life on all who have not a white skin. The Pass Law system creates a situation which can be described only as a legalized slavery. The pursuit of the present policy is a serious encroachment on the freedom of all the inhabitants, white, coloured and black. The judge in South Africa can only apply and interpret the law as he finds it. If there exists little justice for many in South Africa, it is primarily because the laws are not just.

Jerusalem.

SEQUEL TO THE SUEZ CRISIS—I

SIR DOUGLAS SAVORY

IT seems to me quite certain that Israel's victory was turned into a complete defeat by the action of the United Nations and Egypt's defeat became a victory.

Mr. Charles Pannell, Member for Leeds West, insisted on December 2, that the landlord who forecloses on a lease 14 (in fact, 12) years before the Agreement is due has committed dereliction of duty. This, of course, refers to the fact that Colonel Nasser had seized the Suez Canal on July 26, 1956, when the concession originally granted by the Egyptian Government was not to expire until November 17, 1968.

Mr. John Hynd, one of the Labour Members for Sheffield, said in the House of Commons that it would be interesting to know why Sir Winston Churchill's Government withdrew the only troops in the Canal area—the British troops—in the evacuation agreement which his Government made with Nasser and handed over the whole control of the Canal and of Egypt to Nasser himself.

Air Commodore Harvey, Member for Macclesfield, said that Nasser had seized the Suez Canal by military force and that the American withdrawal of their aid to build the Aswan Dam was the beginning of this trouble. If they had wanted to get out of it they could have done so differently. What they did was clumsy, just as every other American attitude had been clumsy and immature.

According to the *Annual Register*, 1957, the Suez Canal had been now physically cleared, but the terms on which it was henceforth to be operated remained to be settled. The Egyptian Government issued its final memorandum of April 24, which reaffirmed that the Canal would be operated and managed by the Egyptian Suez Canal Authority to whom all dues were to be paid.

Early in January 32 salvage vessels were at work clearing the 40-odd ships and other obstacles sunk in the Canal during the Anglo-French landing of 1956.

Mr. Dulles turned his attention to getting Egypt to produce acceptable terms for the running of the Suez Canal and on March 31 a United States note was delivered in Cairo, containing certain suggestions for bringing the Egyptian proposals into line with the six principles enunciated by the Security Council on October 13, 1956. During the next three weeks Mr. Hare, the American Ambassador in Cairo, had a number of meetings with Nasser on this subject and the final Egyptian proposals were published on April 24.

On January 28, Mr. Sandys arrived in Washington for talks with Mr. Wilson on the question of defence, and both countries agreed on compliance both in letter and in spirit with the Security Council Resolution of October, 1956, on the Suez Canal question, and a final *communiqué*, issued on February 28, reaffirmed the United Nations declaration of the preceding October, calling for "free and open transit through the Canal without discrimination".

The work of clearing the Canal was begun on December 30, 1956, by the United Nations Salvage Fleet under Lieutenant-General Raymond Wheeler, and at first went ahead rapidly with full Egyptian co-operation, but General Wheeler admitted later that the work was being delayed by the refusal of the Egyptians to allow the lifting of a sunken tug called the *Edgar Bonnet*, ostensibly on the ground that it contained explosives. As a matter of fact no explosives were found on the tug, but the Cairo newspaper *Al-Shaab* admitted on March 7 that Syria and Egypt had agreed that the Suez Canal would not be restored to use until Israel had evacuated all territory in Egypt's charge and, in effect, three days after the Israel evacuation was carried out Egypt allowed the United Nations Salvage Fleet to begin raising the *Edgar Bonnet*, and by the end of April, at the cost of about 8½ million dollars to the United Nations, the Canal was cleared for the passage of ships up to the maximum draught. The moment that the Canal was free to any ships the problem of payment of dues arose for all maritime powers and particularly for Britain and France. The British and French Governments, with United States support, had suggested to the Secretary-General of the United Nations that dues should be paid to him or to the International Bank, which should retain 50 per cent for development and payment of compensation to the Suez Canal Company. This demand was refused by President Nasser, who insisted that dues should be paid to Egypt. He set out his terms in a memorandum to the United Nations. When the Security Council met on April 26, Mr. Cabot Lodge, the American Representative, while pointing out that the Egyptian terms did not fully carry out the six principles for the Suez Canal operation, which the Council had laid down the previous October, could only suggest giving them a trial. On May 13, Britain, while reserving her rights, withdrew her boycott of the Canal, and France followed on June 12, after making bitter reflections on the seizure of the Canal. In June traffic in the Canal was practically normal and the victory of Egypt was very distinct, because the clash which began with the demand for international control ended with Egypt in sole control, and in September even the Company failed to get a quorum of its own shareholders to discuss the Canal.

In March the Israeli delegate to the United Nations, Mr. Eban, charged the United Arab Republic with detaining a Liberian and a West German ship in the Canal. The ships were carrying goods from Israel to the Far East. Mr. Eban commented that hitherto illegal restrictions on passage through the Suez Canal had applied only to ships flying the Israel flag or bringing cargoes to Israel. The principal cause of unrest between Israel and the United Arab Republic was still the retention by Egypt of vessels passing through the Suez Canal carrying Israeli cargo and the confiscation of that cargo. A Danish ship called the *Inge Toft* was arrested. The Danish owners refused to unload the cargo, but finally complied on February 3, 1960. In August the mail consigned to Israel from Australia on a ship passing through the Canal was seized, but was later returned to the places of origin. At the United Nations Assembly in September, Israel's Foreign Minister, Mrs. Meir, made a strong protest against the Egyptian action

which turned an international waterway into a private channel.

In December the International Bank agreed to grant Egypt a loan of 56½ million dollars for 15 years at 6 per cent. This was expected to be half the estimated cost of widening and deepening the Canal to take ships of 46,000 tons. Critics argued that the loan should have been refused until Egypt opened the Canal to Israeli shipping, but the International Bank replied that it was a bank and not an instrument of political pressure.

Sir Charles Mott-Radcliffe pointed out that the first part of the Resolution of the United Nations, setting out the principles which should govern the international use of the Canal, was adopted unanimously. The second part of the Resolution, calling on Egypt to make known promptly its proposals for a system providing guarantees to users of the Canal not less effective than those sought by the proposals of the London Conference of 18 nations, was vetoed by the Soviet Union. Sir Charles went on to say that the United Nations had already had nearly 200 meetings on the subject of Israeli-Egyptian frontier troubles without effective action being taken.

Sir Anthony Eden has stated in *Full Circle* that "at the time of writing, August, 1959, Israel merchant cargoes, on voyage in the ships of other nations, are being refused passage through the Canal. The United Nations takes no action at this violation of the rights of nations in an international waterway. Western Europe would be naïve indeed to expect free passage of the Canal at any time of emergency, unless it has the power to compel it, which it is not likely to have again."

Mr. Hugh Dalton, Member for Bishop Auckland, said that the Government had allowed Nasser to win a great political victory in New York which would obscure his great military defeat in Sinai. "I estimate," he said, "that before long there would have been such a state of panic in Cairo that Colonel Nasser would have vanished in a duststorm of defeat. In the last miserable month the only act performed by Ministers with which I find myself in agreement was their refusal to accept the Declaration by the Security Council that Israel was the aggressor. When the fighting began not one Arab State moved to the assistance of Egypt. During the five days when the Israelis swept the Egyptians out of Sinai not one Arab soldier on any other frontier fired a shot in support of Egypt. If the Israeli campaign had been carried to its furthest stages I do not believe the Arab States would have rushed forward to the aid of the vanquished. At a certain moment after Nasser had been saying for years that he was perpetually in a state of war with Israel and that was the excuse he put forward for not allowing Israeli ships to pass through the Canal and, more impudent still, not allowing them to go up the Gulf of Aqaba, the Israelis said: 'We have had enough of this. We will take him at his word.' They took Nasser at his word and his reaction was undistinguished and inglorious."

Mr. Dalton said he would like to say a word about the Gaza Strip. He hoped it would be agreed that the Egyptians should not go back there. It never was Egyptian territory. It was part of Palestine, and the Egyptians had grabbed it in 1948. The Egyptians must not be allowed to re-accumulate in Sinai behind a relatively narrow strip masses of war weapons

or to create bases such as the Israelis had recently discovered.

On January 6, 1957, Cairo radio reported that President Nasser had declared that he would not allow British and French ships to pass through the Canal as long as Israel did not withdraw from the Gaza Strip. On February 21, questioners on both sides of the House again contrived to express both uneasiness and resentment at the pressure put upon Israel by the United States of America to carry out the programme dictated by President Nasser. On March 14 there was a debate on the Middle East, when Mr. Bevan said it would be appalling and would strike a blow at the confidence of statesmen all over the world if Mr. Ben Gurion, who had taken his political life in his hands by evacuating the Gaza Strip, now found himself faced with what could only be called an act of faithlessness by those who had persuaded him to do what he did. On March 7, following the combined diplomatic pressure of the United States and other United Nations members, the complete Israeli withdrawal was effected. Four United Nations Emergency Force battalions took over from the Israelis in Gaza without serious incident. What Mr. Spaak stated in an article entitled "The West in Disarray" in *Foreign Affairs* was only too true, that "under such conditions it is impossible to believe that peace can be maintained and international justice assured."

To be continued.

NATURE—

THE NEW FOREST: ANIMALS AND MEN

NORMAN L. GOODLAND

THE Hampshire New Forest is a free-range farming area of some considerable extent. It totals about 94,000 acres. 16,000 acres are enclosed plantations. Over the rest, except for the private properties involved, there were depastured last year 2,802 cattle, 1,589 ponies, 10 donkeys, 90 pigs. The number of deer is not known, but it runs into many hundreds.

The number of New Forest farmers, called "Commoners", is legion. One hundred years ago, the Register of Commoners was revised, claims being cut from 1,300 to 800. Since then, however, allowed claims have been split and subdivided to make hundreds more holdings; but in addition to true "Commoners" there are those who hold no actual land, but are permitted to run cattle on the Forest under licence from the Verderers, who meet five times a year at the Court of Swainmote in Lyndhurst.

The Commoner is one who has the right to run cattle, ponies, pigs, donkeys, even sheep—although this latter is not done now—by reason of "tenure of land". The rights therefore go with the land—not with the farmer. They are subject to certain fees and regulations governing quality, health and infectious diseases. Strictly speaking, a Commoner may run only as many animals as comply with the ancient law of "Levensay and Couchancy"—that is to say, the number of animals which can comfortably rise up and lie down, within the Commoner's enclosed acreages. In fact, he runs as many as he likes, simply because there are not enough

animals in this vast area, 22 miles long, 6-8 miles wide at its narrowest points, properly to control the summer herbage. The Verderers are an ancient body, partly elected, partly appointed, whose function is to correlate the various interests in this area.

The Forestry Commission is responsible, not only for economic forestry, but for the preservation of amenity areas. Its activities are vast: ragwort clearance, scrub clearance, burning of coarse herbage, maintenance of drains, tracks, bridges and culverts; litter control, pest control, fire watching and control, supervision of camping and maintenance of the open heath.

The animals themselves, the two interests, farming and forestry, are, apart from authorities responsible for the Forest highways, the three basic factors which give and maintain this famous national playground its traditional appearance. The general public also plays a part in the appearance of the New Forest.

A study of how the interplay of these activities maintain the area is fascinating. First, consider the animals.

As before mentioned, there are many hundreds of deer. The main population are Fallow deer. Numbers of deer are not known, but there may be 200 Roe deer, perhaps half a hundred Sika, and a very few Red deer linger on, but are upon the verge of extinction. These last have in the past done enormous damage to estates lying on the border of the Forest, and have suffered as a result.

They are indeed, all of them, responsible for an enormous amount of damage to both forestry and agriculture, since they browse upon planted trees, cornfields, eat the spring grass and garden produce. Since they are habit-forming, and their runs become well known, their numbers are fairly easy to control. Not much can be said in favour of them as far as maintenance of the New Forest is concerned—their activities are too destructive. But they form part of the Forest scene, and great would be the outcry at any mention of doing away with them.

2,800 cattle, however, do enormous service in preventing the New Forest from reverting to an impenetrable jungle. The smaller Commoner often favours "dual purpose" types, for milking and beef breeding. Shorthorn, Dexter, Guernsey-cross may be put to Galloway, Hereford or Angus bulls. The pure milking herds are generally based upon Channel Island breeds, but often crossed with a rougher breed; but there are pure Channel Island herds, a considerable number of Shorthorn, Ayrshire, Friesian. The crosses are for the purpose of providing stamina; in times of drought, and during winter these cattle have to range far in search of food.

Some of the beef herds are very large—as many as 400 strong. Among them are Hereford, Galloway, Angus, Welsh Blacks, and I have recently seen Highland cattle. There is also at least one herd of Sussex, fairly recently introduced.

Seeing great numbers of these various breeds congregated together about open pools, or in the middle of open areas, or upon the tops of some of the slopes, one wonders how their owners manage to sort them out. This congregating of the cattle in these spots is called by the Commoners,

"going to shade"—a most odd term, considering they are right out in the open. But they do this in order to avoid flies and insects; it is cool about the pools, and on the open spaces they have searched for and found a cool current of wind.

When they move off, they collect together in their own herds, each herd following its regular "haunt". In the case of milking herds, this is centred on the home farm, but runs in a wide circle. A farmer who brings a new addition "haunts" it with his herd; and for this purpose his herd must not be less than nine or ten in number. If it is, the new arrival will attach itself to other larger herds; but provided the home herd is sufficient in number, she will soon be properly "haunted" and settle down with it well enough.

The farmer does therefore know roughly the haunts of his herd; but, nonetheless, they range far, and the Commoner is invariably a horseback farmer. From June to September, when the swards are at their best, they will travel further afield; March to April is the anxious time, because roadside verges always flush first, and the cattle tend to go to the roadsides. Sixty-seven cattle were killed on New Forest roads last year and 24 injured. The average of cattle killed or injured over the past four years is one in 28.

In winter the milking herd is at the farm gate long before milking-time; like herds on "off-the-forest" farms, they know that milking-time is feeding-time, and they are there at the gate. All cattle are brought in in the autumn at "acorning" time, when the pigs, under the "right of mast" are put out to clear acorns. Acorns are poisonous to cattle in the green state; after the husks have rotted they do no harm, and it is then the cattle are depastured again.

However, when swards are at their best, there is no incentive to return to the farm. The Commoner may be on horseback at 5-30 a.m. in search of his milking herd. It does not take him long, usually, to find them. Cows travel with the wind—and feed into it. They have regular favourite shelter-places on a wet day. They "go to shade" in the usual spots. There is, therefore, really no magic in the Commoner being able to enter the vastness of the New Forest and ride straight to his animals.

The Commoners say that cattle will eat yew; it does not poison them *unless it is withered*. Yew trees standing in open ground bear evidence of this; the green is eaten off far above the reach of deer. They will also eat "blind holly" or "rabbit holly"—a type in some abundance without prickles. On the open Forest, plain-leaved trees invariably spring from the centre of hollybushes. Without the holly they would not have survived; plain-leaved seedling trees in the open receive short shrift from the cattle during winter. New Forest swards are deficient in lime, and so cattle eat heather.

The Commoner helps with keeping water-holes clear, removing yew branches after being broken down by snowfall because, as before mentioned, withered yew is poisonous to the cattle.

The 1,500-odd ponies are of a breed as old as the Exmoor, the Dartmoor or the Welsh. It was recognized as a separate breed in the 1800's. At one time the breed was known for a "mealy" mouth, largish head and sloping quarters; but vigorous efforts by the New Forest Pony Breeding and Cattle Society, its predecessor the Burley and New Forest Pony

Association, and other bodies, have resulted in a truly splendid animal. Adults average 12.3 to 14.2 hands; the old characteristics have been bred out, and they are a good riding type, with plenty of substance and an equable temperament—an ideal family pony. Holland has started her own New Forest Breed Society, and they are exported to Denmark, Sweden, Norway and the USA.

These beautiful animals run the year through, only during the cruellest of winters needing assistance with feed. They are very hardy; but it must be clearly pointed out that there is a vast difference in feeding management when the New Forest pony is broken and in enclosed fields, from its being able to fend for itself on limitless free-range in the semi-wild state.

In winter some follow the roadside verges outside the Forest boundaries. These are called "lane creepers". They are caught, fed and re-haunted, but some are incurable "lane creepers" and have to be sold, because they lead better haunted animals into their bad habits. Other "lane creepers" arise through herds gradually extending their haunts towards the edges of the Forest, perhaps taking up to three years to work from the middle to the outside.

Again, like the cattle, they tend to go to the roadside verges when these flush before the tardy Forest swards. Last year no fewer than 130 were killed and 37 injured on the roads. The average of ponies killed over the last four years is *one in seven*. I know of one Commoner who lost 12 in a year on the roads.

Gorse tops are eaten by the ponies in winter, and some types they bruise with their hooves to break down the thorns and eat the whole plant. They eat heather, standing up to the belly to keep warm. They eat bramble leaves, holly, ivy, furze; and some herds stay inside the wooded areas during winter, clearing the undergrowth and ivy, maintaining themselves rather better than those wintering on open swards.

The accidents are a nightmare to all concerned with the Forest. Excluding the deer, 204 animals were killed last year, and 63 injured. 99 per cent of them are due to speeding, despite warning notices. New Forest soils will not warrant enclosed farming; animals on free range are obliged to cross roads to follow their feeding haunts. However, the Forestry Commission does, where possible, site enclosed plantations on one or both sides of a highway, because upon such stretches the animals do not frequent. Both the Verderers and the Forestry Commission have reseeded areas of sward away from the roads to encourage the animals away from danger, but it is a vast and costly business.

Space does not permit full credit to the work of the Forestry Commission in this area, with its HQ at Lyndhurst. Considerable softwood forestry is done, this being the Commission's "bread-and-butter", but tremendous efforts are made with hardwoods and ancient amenity areas. New Forest oaks, due to establishment upon unsuitable soils, have cracks and faults in the grain, and new hardwoods are gradually being established where trees can attain full growth and beauty.

New Forest beeches owe their well-known fantastic shapes to a practice of pollarding, or removal of branches to feed deer, or for Commoners'

cordwood. The practice was stopped 260 years ago. These fantastic old giants are now becoming dangerous, and the Commission is engaged in gradually removing the more unsafe, and replacing with more beeches by natural regeneration where possible. However, there is some dissatisfaction owing to what amounts here and there to an infestation of open swards by wind-sown conifers from the enclosed plantations; but with not enough stock to keep swards under control, this is not yet a serious problem.

Lastly, the public. Each year, tremendous damage is done by fires caused by the carelessly left fires of picnic parties, or cigarette ends. With rather more than 150,000 overnight campers to deal with through the year, the litter problem is fantastic. About 21,000 milk bottles may be collected in a year, all round the frequently almost empty litter bins. Urban campers create an appalling problem through lack of know-how, or indifference to the instructions with which they are issued, in regard to human excreta. Ponies step into tins and suffer terrible damage to the fetlock, which soon becomes filled with maggots. Vast sums are spent to keep ponies off the roads—the public, despite the £5 penalty warning notices, attracts them back again by feeding them. Motorists and motor-cyclists ignore warning signs and pass feeding herds at frightening speeds. Wild ponies have little or no road sense—when they wish to cross they walk straight through the speeding traffic. Startled foals will leap straight before an oncoming vehicle, and deer herds cross at speed when they wish.

The problem cannot be solved by removal of the animals, for without this vast eating operation the Forest could no longer be a national playground—it could not be entered. Not to mention the thousands of farmers who would be put out of business.

At 30 to 40 miles to the hour, one stands a reasonable chance of avoiding straying animals. Beyond that, on New Forest roads, one invites disaster—and that invitation is all too frequently accepted.

Timsbury, Romsey, Hampshire

Readers of last month's *Moroccan Snapshots* may be interested in the new Tourist Office and Handicrafts display centre shortly to be opened by the Moroccan Government at Wingate House, 93 Shaftesbury Avenue, and may like to know that a cotton factory has just been opened by King Mohammed in Fez. Attendance at the dispensary at Toumliline monastery ran to 28,000 cases in 1960 according to the latest statistics.

D.H.

CENTENNIAL—

RUDOLF STEINER (1861-1925)

OWEN BARFIELD

USUALLY, when the decision is taken to celebrate the centenary of the birth or death of a great man, his name and some at least of his work are already well known to the literate public. In the case of Rudolf Steiner, as far as the English-speaking world is concerned, this cannot quite be said. Both this article therefore and the forthcoming arrangements* made by his followers for the year 1961 must be designed as much to introduce as to appraise this extraordinary man.

Steiner was born on February 27, 1861, the son of an impecunious Austrian station-master and his wife. As a small child he had certain clairvoyant experiences of both the human and the natural world. This is perhaps not so very uncommon, but it was distinctive in Steiner that in his own mind he at once identified the realm from which these experiences came to him with the realm of pure thought. It was partly for this reason that at the "modern" school in Wiener-Neustadt which he later attended he took a particular delight in geometry. He found (as he wrote long afterwards) that he

could not regard thoughts as if they were only pictures made by man of the things around him—I saw them as revelations of a spiritual world upon this scene within the soul. I found in geometry a kind of knowledge apparently produced by man, but with a quite independent validity. As a child I felt, though naturally I could not say it quite clearly: one must be able to carry in oneself knowledge of the spiritual world in the same way as one knows geometry.

This love for the purely conceptual realm and for the strict discipline of mathematical thought was something he never lost; and when he went on to the university, it was the Technical University (*Realschule*) of Vienna that he attended and mathematics and science that he read. At the same time he continued to extend and develop an acquaintance with philosophy and the humanities which he had eagerly begun to acquire while still at school. Recognition was soon accorded to his special twofold equipment and he was entrusted with the editing of Goethe's scientific writings (of which so little even now is known in this country) for the well-known Kürschner edition of the poet's collected works. In the introductions, as well as in some of the extensive notes, which he contributed to these volumes the distinctive note of Steiner's own way of thinking may already be clearly heard. And the little book which he threw off, as it were, while he was engaged on this task—*Theory of Knowledge Implicit in Goethe's World-Conception*—is perhaps the clearest and simplest statement we have of the epistemological foundations underlying the "spiritual science" which he afterwards developed.

* Particulars are obtainable from the Anthroposophical Society in Great Britain, Rudolf Steiner House, 35 Park Road, N.W.1, or from the General Anthroposophical Society, 38 Museum Street, W.C.1.

Public recognition of his work on Goethe led to an invitation to the Goethe and Schiller Archives at Weimar, where he lived and worked for many years. At the turn of the century he left Weimar for Berlin, to become for a time the editor of a well-known literary weekly; and it was during this period that he first came forward openly as a teacher of spiritual science, or *Anthroposophie*, as he afterwards also called it.

It was a question of finding people willing, in an age when materialism seemed triumphant, even to listen to the sort of thing he had to say, and he began by teaching and lecturing within the newly founded German Section of the Theosophical Society. But his insistence on the unique position of the Christ in the evolution of the earth and man (one of the earliest lecture-courses he delivered was entitled *Christianity as Mystical Fact and the Mysteries of Antiquity*) was out of harmony with the oriental bias of that Movement and (as they felt) with their insistence on the equal status of all religions. His association with the Theosophical Society was accordingly broken off, and in 1912-13 the Anthroposophical Society was founded by his pupils and its headquarters established in Dornach, near Basle, in Switzerland. Here they erected, in accordance with Steiner's own design, a wooden building, the Goetheanum, which has sometimes been referred to as a "temple", but which was in reality more in the nature of a combined lecture-hall and theatre; for Steiner always insisted that Anthroposophy is not itself a religion. This building was burned down in 1922 and was replaced by a very different, but perhaps equally striking, concrete Goetheanum, which stands on the hill at Dornach today. The Goetheanum is visited annually by many thousands of people from all nations, especially at festival times, when performances are given of Eurythmy (the new art of movement which Steiner inaugurated), of his own four Mystery Plays and of a selection of the great dramas of all time.

By the time of his death in 1925, Steiner had visited and lectured in many of the countries of northern Europe, in some of which (including England) he founded national societies, while in 1923 at the Goetheanum the General Anthroposophical Society was incorporated with himself as its first president. His literary remains, apart from his work on Goethe, consist of about a dozen books and more than 5,000 lectures, some delivered to members and some to the general public, which were taken down in shorthand at the time and afterwards transcribed. Almost all the books and many hundreds of the lectures have since been translated into English.

Meanwhile the practical application had begun of his coolly precise tidings from the invisible world of creative beings, forms and forces; and this has continued, uninterrupted except by the war, since his death. At most times there have been mystics who have lived, as Steiner did from his earliest years, in the awareness of a hidden spiritual side to nature and human life. It was peculiar to him—and at first sight the two things are difficult to reconcile—that, for that very reason, he attached an almost supreme value to the modern scientific approach to nature, with its pro-

gressive and systematic exclusion from its calculus of all spiritual and teleological hypotheses. For him, the spirit was not something to be *inferred* from the physical; it was to be experienced directly by man in his thinking—"in the same way as one knows geometry." "The mentality deduced from natural science," he once said, "is the greatest power of modern times." What he did decisively reject—and it is no doubt for that reason that his findings have been politely ignored rather than pertinently contested—was, in a word, positivism: the doctrine, tacitly and uncritically swallowed, on which the actual habit of modern science has long been based, and which has at once limited the field of its observations and pre-determined the class of conclusions to be drawn from them. It is a sound principle that the spiritual is not to be inferred from the physical, but to deny that the spirit can be directly experienced, and the physical then interpreted in its light, is not (he held) a logical consequence of this principle; it is a dogmatic appendix to it.

Mathematics, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, zoology—"these studies," said Steiner, "afford a surer basis for the construction of a spiritual system of the universe than history and literature." He has left plenty of evidence that he himself had in fact studied these sciences, and not these alone, intensively; but the full significance of the remark only transpires when it is recalled that his own *Weltanschauung* was nevertheless historical through and through. It may be argued that Steiner, alone among modern historians and philosophers of history (though R. G. Collingwood and Berdyaev came near to being exceptions) approached history as science should, and not simply as positivism does. He maintained that the kind of thinking that came in with the scientific revolution was important for two reasons above all others. First, it set the individual human spirit *free*; and, secondly, in the higher realms of knowledge, it made it possible for the first time for a voluntarily strengthened intellectual and perceptive faculty to achieve an *exact and detailed* knowledge of the creative events and beings of the invisible world and the ways in which, from the beginning of time down to today, they have interpenetrated the visible.

Steiner is often vaguely referred to as a mystic, but all this—whether it be considered as beyond or on the way to it—is clearly something quite different from the indeterminate "union" which is the goal of Mysticism. A like distinction is apparent in the contrast between his treatment of the subject of reincarnation and "karma" and the typical oriental doctrine. History, for the eastern sage, has always been an irrelevant distraction. It is the spinal column of Anthroposophy; and from one point of view Steiner's account is only the logical conclusion of all the hard thinking the West has been doing on the subject of evolution in general. In it reincarnation takes its inevitable place as a *sine qua non* of the gradual emergence of a detached human consciousness from a spiritually incapsulated one, and then of the individualized, from a collective, human ego.

Rudolf Steiner's followers are convinced that he himself had developed the strengthened faculty referred to (whose progressive stages he called

Imagination, Inspiration and Intuition) to a degree which has not hitherto been equalled; that this man did indeed reach a height of illumination from which he was able to throw light, often at a closely technical level, on the most diverse natural processes and human activities. Are they right or wrong? Their number, though it steadily increases, is still slight; but it would be a mistake to measure by that the strength of the impact of Rudolf Steiner's work on the contemporary scene. Members form a nucleus rather than a sect. The Anthroposophical Movement today comprises not only the general and the various national societies already mentioned, but also numerous practical enterprises in such varied fields as education, medicine, agriculture, natural science and the arts. Thus, in this country—since space permits me to exemplify only the first field—seven Rudolf Steiner Schools for normal children have been in existence for many years and there are more than 30 Curative Schools and Homes for maladjusted children, all seeking to work in the light which he shed.

When it is objected that it is quite impossible, and above all in this age of specialization, for one man to be expert, or even competent, in so many widely different fields—and that therefore, notwithstanding any appearances to the contrary, Steiner must have been a dilettante or a charlatan—his followers reply that this objection leaves out of account something which was well known to all the generations of men except the last 15 or 20, who have forgotten it; and that is the possibility of Initiation. For Initiation can awaken in man, at first a few and then more and more of his sleeping, unconscious powers, which in the long run must prove as infinite as nature herself; and it was Initiation, not Mysticism, to which Steiner pointed the way, not omitting to disclose, in such books as *Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and its Attainment*, the strenuous disciplines by which all may eventually attain it who set their hands to the plough and do not turn back.

Whatever the truth may be, the stakes are clearly high. Whatever therefore the answer may be to the question I have asked, it is well that the attention of a much larger section of the public than hitherto should be drawn to it and an opportunity given to them of answering it to their own satisfaction. This is what the forthcoming centenary celebrations will seek to accomplish.

LITERATURE—

THE HUMANISM OF ALAIN

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IT is strange that the voluminous writings of Alain—the pseudonym of Emile-Auguste Chartier, 1868-1951—should be so little known in this country, whereas in France his prestige was great enough, at his death, to warrant a special number of the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* and the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, two national journals of very high standing. M. André Maurois has prophesied that Alain's name will rank alongside that of Montaigne when the final assessment has been made.

This comparison is indeed significant, for just as one naturally thinks of Alain as the philosophical counterpart of the poet Valéry, so one has no difficulty in placing him in the great French tradition of philosopher-moralists who have, like Jean-Paul Sartre and Gabriel Marcel today, always had one foot in philosophy and the other in literature. Such a marriage not only helps the writer to maintain contact with the "laity", but is also the best guarantee that he will not leave the sure path of experience. We assume too readily that experience is something given. This is true only in the grossest sense. Experience is rather a function of consciousness which develops with the cultivation of attention. And philosophy itself demands not only rigour, but also the *finesse* of perception which results from such pursuits as the practice of literature.

Alain's approach to his subject is interesting in itself. Nearly everything he wrote, including those books in which he treats a single overall theme, like religion or art, was presented in the form of short articles or *propops* of two, three or four pages. The habit of writing in this way was acquired at an early stage in his career, probably when he was a contributor to the *Dépêche de Rouen*, but it was not the product of chance. Alain's whole aim was to produce *ideas* which would help his readers to see reality more clearly. These ideas he compares to spectacles, and leaves it to the reader to judge for himself whether they give him clearer vision or not. But, he points out, if an idea does not give us a better grasp of things, no amount of argument will make us accept it as true.

On the other hand, ideas which illuminate the world for us can do without proof. "La preuve est la compagne de l'ignorance," he says in *Vigiles de l'esprit*. That is to say that one tries to prove only what cannot be immediately seen, or in other words, what one does not and cannot *know* in the most concrete sense of the word. The task of the philosophers, in the words of Alain, is to "reveal the world as it is and man as he is". If their teachings are rarely understood, that is because, in most men, vision is obscured by passion. Prior to all valid thought, therefore, there must be a moral preparation, a real purification, without which it is useless

to go further. Argument, however clever, will merely be the slave of passion.

Each *propos* of Alain aims at pointing to one particular "view" of a given theme. This was usually expressed by Alain on the four sides of a sheet of folded writing-paper. If it could not be done in this way, it had better not be done at all. Indeed the author tells us that very often, especially in the early days before the First World War, it just didn't "come off". Nevertheless, whenever he wrote, Alain insisted on putting down on paper the genuine and authentic expression of his mind as it was at the moment of writing, as it freely *perceived* and *judged* in face of the problem it had set itself. The mind must be faithful only to itself.

Alain hardly ever corrected what he had written, confident as he was that the naked expression of his living judgment was more likely to awaken the mind of his reader than a whole shopful of logical devices. Such an attitude affects his style considerably: it is, as it were, an anti-style, devoid of transitions, of rhythm, of any striving after effect, and the shock of such candour has a greater effect than anything the author could have invented. The result of this was to make Alain the centre of an enthusiastic band of disciples, but his success never led him to seek high office. He remained a schoolteacher all his life, refusing a post at the Sorbonne as he had, during the war, refused a commission, in order that he should not debase himself by rising. To his motto *rester peuple* he remained faithful to the end of his life.

One might well be tempted to see egoism in such a cross-grained individualist as Alain seems to be. But I am sure one would be quite wrong. To convince ourselves of this, we need only consider Alain's attitude towards his own life. He was quite unable to take any serious interest in himself, to such a degree that when pressed to write his autobiography, he confined his study entirely to the development of his impersonal ideas, refusing to relate these to external events or to those influences so beloved of the psycho-analysts.

"I do not like confessions," he wrote in his *Histoire de mes Pensées*, "so much so that I have been unable even in the form of a novel, to write anything about my private life; it is perhaps because I do not like to think about it too much, or because I have found other consolations. *I have learnt how to forget and begin again*; and this practical method cannot be put into maxims, *since it breaks the sequence of the story*. Not to talk about oneself thus becomes a kind of rule, an almost merciless one, designed to lead to forgetting." Of his childhood he tells us little, and what he does say is merely meant to stress the childishness of his childhood. "I wish to speak here," he continues, "of hours of complete sobriety, that is to say of that part of my existence for which I am joyfully responsible."

I mention this attitude of the author, first because it helps us to distinguish, using this example, between a legitimate individualism and an

immature egoism, and secondly because it gives us already a glimpse of Alain's philosophy. For where there is a complete biographical explanation of a man's philosophy, to that extent it comes under suspicion as being *inauthentic*, that is, of having been inculcated by circumstances and institutions. And inauthentic it remains until such time as it is—if ever it is—confirmed in a moment of freedom and lucidity by the person involved, acting as a centre of responsibility. Alain would insist that such an act transcends the possibilities of the body, confined as it is to the causal flux of sensation and emotion. *L'esprit*, the mind or the spirit, is the only aspect of human nature characterized by *autonomy*. It is the only source of the human in man, and any civilization which does not recognize its supremacy is a mockery.

It is important to remember that for Alain the intellectual and spiritual life of man begins in society, rather than as a result of an individual contact with nature as such. The child has first to recognize the signs sent out from the people about him, for his survival depends upon this. The understanding of these signs consists at first in nothing else but the recognition that they *are* signs, and in the imitation of them. Eventually ideas are born within this system of communication, and these express at first only social relationships, being applied later on to nature itself. Art is essentially a system of signs, from which thought may arise, but in themselves the signs are more elemental than thought: "*Le beau nous somme de penser*"—beauty summons us to thought.

Ceremony plays a particularly important part in Alain's philosophy of art, and hence in his philosophy of man. The individual left to himself, the author points out, would be the victim of his own formless, chaotic, emotional outbursts. But by expressing these in an orderly and socially acceptable way, then, far from being repressed and tyrannized by convention, he is in fact *saved*, in a quasi-religious sense, from his own animality, and enabled to *create himself as man*. "Human passions," writes Alain, "do not rule over the arts, but on the contrary it is the arts which rule over man, showing him, through architectural laws, his own form more beautiful than himself and wiser than himself. That is why every true statue demands a prayer from us, and always obtains it." Human nature is not something covered up by a veneer of civilization, but *is* the veneer, and its value has nothing to do with its material bulk.

Art, then, is a form of language, but one which consists of action immediately understood and imitated. It is a sort of absolute language: "And this is what I understand," says Alain, "by absolute language. There is a part of language which has no other object than itself; there is a moment of language in which language occupies one's whole thought. To understand is merely to know that one is communicating; it is to imitate without looking any further." The meaning of a work of art is what one feels in its presence. It cannot mean anything but itself, and no commentary can ever exhaust its meaning. And this sign, which is a

materialization of the human spirit, is for Alain a genuine form of salvation, and indeed a real solution to man's problem in the world. That is to say it is simply one aspect of the cult of man which can also express itself in the incarnation called religion.

Alain was one of the early thinkers of the twentieth century to realize the need for a new approach to what he terms the religious myth. It should not be regarded as a piece of wrong reasoning, nor as an ornament for expressing something which could be put more clearly in purely intellectual terms. It has a peculiar value, saying, as it does, something which cannot otherwise be said about the fundamental *structure* of man. And religion itself is not something external to man, handed down from on high, but is the very reflection of his existential situation, of his participation in the *being* of the world. Man first emerges into the realm of the human when he attains to an awareness of his own presence in the world, that is to say, when he realizes that he is, as consciousness, distinct from the objective world, and that he at the same time confronts it. This new awareness is not, of course, expressed in sophisticated philosophical language. It is grasped in the form of a haunting feeling of the presence of *something else*. This is in fact himself. It is as though man were behind himself all the time, felt to be mysteriously present and yet never appearing.

The feeling of being haunted is however relieved, according to Alain, when it is projected into the material world in the form of material objects—the signs referred to above—in which, in a very real sense, there now dwells the spirit of man. Yet this liberation is only a moment in a dialectical process. Mind, instead of confronting the world from an undefinable position, now confronts *man* from within the image, and demands an explanation of itself. This results in the creation of a myth, of a story woven round the image and felt darkly but intensely to be *right*. And it is right, not because something has been proved, but because something has been *recognized*. Such recognition of man by man is the real ground of religion and the source of its tenacity in the face of purely conceptual thought. "People like to think," writes Alain, "that man made images because he was religious. This is the same as saying that he made tools because he was scientific; but on the contrary science is simply the observation of tools and of the work done by tools. In the same way I would prefer to say that the first act of contemplation had an idol as its object, and that man became religious because he made idols. The power of the sign had to be explained, and mythology was invented to explain beauty."

All this means, in fact, that for Alain the true essence of religion is to be found in the creative work of the latter, as distinct from its theological doctrines. To *explain* religion in terms of dogmas is like trying to translate poetry into plain prose. For religion is a *sign* of the presence of man: "There is something lifeless about all theology," writes Alain. So we see

that for our author the images themselves are more alive and more significant because they are more human. This is what all theology forgets—that religion is for man, not for God, who, under whatever name he may go, has no need of it.

Alain, therefore, in spite of his extreme radicalism, regards the efforts of enlightened people to purge religion of its visible signs as misguided. "For," he writes in a passage referring to Auguste Comte, "according to his views, to which each day brings added support, the old fetichism is indeed the essential religion, whilst intellectualized and purified religion is only the negation of religion which, under the name of theology and metaphysics, extracts the god from the sign, and even from the temple, itself a sign, and casts us into the insubstantial infinite, from which we must forthwith return."

Alain often writes, quite deliberately, under the influence of one or more of the great philosophers of the past. He did not believe in the possibility of radical progress in philosophy—all the essential ideas of which the human mind is capable have already been put forward, and what really matters is that we should remain in constant *contact* with these, for they provide an inexhaustible field for study, reflection and spiritual enrichment. Culture is the *cult* of the *static* element in man, that is to say, of his permanent and essential structure. For man's structure explains his history, the static being the basis of the dynamic, and not *vice versa*. And we have seen that for Alain the structure of man is found in art, religion and philosophy, without which there is no humanity. If one can speak of progress, it is not of movement in a horizontal direction, as it were, towards any historic goal set in the future, but rather of the ever-present possibility of a vertical movement which consists simply of being fully human, here and now.

Man is at all times capable of living on a number of levels, of which the sub-human basis is always present, but of which the truly human levels can be made manifest only through the *will*. No system of education, no society can be foolproof against its own foolishness. We are always free to choose barbarism. It is for this reason that Alain prefers to speak of *les étages de l'homme*, the storeys or planes of man, rather than *les étapes de l'homme*, the stages through which man has passed. He even goes so far as to say, in his *Propos sur l'Education*, that we are as intelligent as we decide to be, as we *will* to be. Thus the cultivation of the will is central to his philosophy of education, and takes him far away from the educational trends of our day, which he characterizes as "insane". The victory, of course, is never definitively won. Even for Alain each day represented, as he put it, *une bêtise à surmonter*—a stupid tendency to be overcome.

When he comes to a closer examination of religion, Alain again adds his commentary to what has been said by one of the great philosophers,

this time Hegel. Just as Hegel had divided the history of religion into three stages, nature religion, aesthetic religion and spiritual religion, so Alain divides the house, as it were, of religion, into three storeys, each of which is always there, though not always lived in. The first one, Pan, as he calls it, represents the agrarian level of religion, and is the expression of man's natural reactions in the face of nature. His dominant emotion at this stage is fear, but religiously significant fear is fear of what is not there: "It is *nothingness* which frightens, and all fear is fear of fear, fear of oneself, fear of the gods."

The transformation of this kind of religion into the next kind—the one which Alain calls Jupiter—is a process which occurs in all civilized people. The first reaction of fear of the world gives way, eventually, to the religion of Caesar, of the physical power of man. It has its beauty, and it is a first manifestation of the spirit, in so far as this is bound up with the development of man's self-consciousness. But in the long run it is a failure, because the worship of material power finally drives the spirit in upon itself, so that now it comes to be revealed in its place of refuge, in the slave, not in the master.

And finally the true manifestation of the human spirit is seen in the *negation of power*, symbolized, for example, in such an image as that of the infant Jesus: "This being," says Alain, "who would perish without our care, is God." Now, the human spirit manifests itself in its purity, for what it is, and *without any guarantee of success* in the world. Indeed, for Alain, whom, if we have any use for such words, we must call an agnostic, the figure of the crucified Jesus represents the permanent, vital and essential *powerlessness* of the human spirit in the face of material force. Its purpose, in manifesting itself, is not success or conquest, and whenever it is diverted towards these aims, it perishes. It shines simply because it is light, without any desire to get anywhere or have anything.

Alain closes his study of the gods with a tribute to those who devote their lives to the seemingly futile task of training subnormal children. "A friendly word, now," he writes, "for those doctors who care for the retarded and who watch, like prophets, for the slightest gleam of understanding; they never tire, and they are right. There is therefore a truth which is the core of all truth, and which defies fate. And I could show, following Descartes, that there is no truth, even proved, even useful, which is not the child of truth unproved, of useless truth, of truth bereft of all power. But industrial truth is an ungrateful child, moreover punished a hundred-fold by her rewards. Perhaps these ideas will be made known, and the spirit of man will know how to deprive itself of power, of every kind of power; such is the highest reign. And Calvary reveals this very thing in such an eloquent and moving way, that I will add no commentary."

SO YOU'RE GOING TO DIXIE?

A LETTER TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND

ANTHONY HARRIGAN*

DEAR JOHN,

I am delighted that on your forthcoming trip to America you will tour the Southern States. The cost of your journey through Dixie will be well worth your while, as I see it, if it helps you to understand a Southerner like myself, to break away from the stereotypes you have received regarding the South (your newspapers are very much at fault here, I believe), and to discover that the American Republic has more than one great tradition. But feeling, like all modern intellectuals abroad, that the South is a blot on the American conscience, I yet hope that you will get more out of this visit below the Mason-Dixon line than high blood pressure and the memory of conversations that infuriate you.

It is my firm belief that a thoughtful Britisher can get a great deal out of a visit to the former Confederate states; that this island of Anglo-Saxon blood and thinking, in the midst of the national melting pot of races and vestigial European culture forms, will teach present-day dwellers in *your* island something about the traditions common to us all. It is well to remember indeed that not so long ago the South was the Englishman's favourite part of America. There he felt at home to a great degree. For those who tend to write off anything that happened more than a quarter century ago as ancient history, it might be well to speak of more recent ties between the South and England. When Hitler's forces stared across the Straits of Dover and the Luftwaffe rained fire and destruction on the cities of your island, the heart of American insistence on armed intervention was the South. In the US Senate, it was the Southern Senators who supported Lend-Lease, who backed President Roosevelt in his action in turning over destroyers, who, in general, were pro-British. And in the Southland itself, in its cities and among its leaders, historic ties to England were real ties, emotional ties—ties of the heart, not the pocketbook. A new generation of Englishmen may have forgotten all that. England's "angry young men" may have fallen for certain American ideals that do not include Southern ideals—indeed that positively reject the South and its attitudes. But the facts of history will stand until the progressives of 1984 rewrite the history of the English-speaking people.

Another thought: If you are pleased that a major influence in the world today is the American Republic and that the shadow of the Kremlin does not lie across Western Europe, please remember the men who created the Republic. When you reach Washington, DC, the gateway to the South, look about you. Three great monuments dominate that city, our nation's capital, the Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln monuments. Two of those men were Southerners. And in their image was the entire early history of the republic cast. And who will say that the America of the Gilded Age and the modern age, the ages of Northern dominance, are superior in moral tone or historical vision to the age of the great Virginians? Really, no matter how much you are convinced, whether by reading your own journals or the journals of Manhattan intellectuals, that we in the South are un-American, you owe it to yourself to account for the fact that in the formative period of this country the shaping spirit was in large measure Southern, Virginian and Carolinian. A visitor has the duty of accounting to himself for the strange situation in which a

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supposedly reactionary section, a section that got off to a wrong start and lived badly ever after, produced great men from Washington to Woodrow Wilson.

This may be a difficult task that I am setting for you, but it must be done if you would do Southerners and yourself justice. This is an almost impossible task for the modern liberal Frenchman. He is so entangled in ideology that he will not see people. For the Englishman, the task should not be impossible, for your country understands the principle of continuity and the slow workings of history. You do not expect to be shaken out of your accustomed way of life by a governmental edict. Your footpaths in your villages, your privacy, your associations—all these and more you expect to be treated with the utmost consideration by political leaders. You are, by ancient tradition, a nation of gradualists.

On entering the South, after a visit in the excited atmosphere of New York, you may find yourself tending to regard the region with contempt. But, please, let us enjoy a suspension of disbelief until you have looked us over very carefully. It's a mistake, of course, to compare the art resources—galleries, museums, and theatres—of Manhattan with those in the South. But I don't expect you to be so naïve. After all, you know as well as I do that the millions of the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Fricks, and the other Gilded Age fortunes went as endowment to Northern institutions. And no one in the South will seriously argue with you that for almost a century the South has been a backwater of American economic life. How well-endowed and influential in cultural affairs of your island are the people of Wales?

There is much to see in the South. At least that's what Americans believe. For while Northern intellectuals condemn its government and its customs, millions of Americans visit it every year as tourists. They come from the dull, banal cities of the Mid-West, from the one-class, one-income level suburbs of the Northeast. Why do they visit Dixie? They visit it, they are frank to say, to learn their country's history and to see a beautiful land. Furthermore, they want to see cities and towns and landscapes where the past has not been utterly obliterated in the pursuit of "progress".

An Englishman may not be interested in the same sights as Americans from Northern cities. They may find Jefferson's hilltop home, the famed Monticello, no more interesting than a hundred country seats within 70 miles of London. It is a small place and, while beautifully executed, interesting more for the fact that it is a rarity in this land. Nonetheless, Monticello, like other historic houses in the South, is worth a visit—and an unhurried one at that. The visit should be worthwhile because it is a gauge of the man who lived in it and of the people from whom he sprang.

Indeed as you travel across the South and visit these houses of the ante-bellum South—the plantation houses along the James River in Virginia, the town houses in Charleston, South Carolina, the cotton mansions in Georgia and Alabama, and the great houses of Louisiana and Mississippi—you will see that the social ideal that underlay this world—and that still affects the thinking of people in these states—is that of the English country gentleman. Perhaps it is the fashion nowadays to scorn that ideal and ridicule its alleged prejudices. But when one compares it with certain modern ideals—the ideal of the socialist worker, the communist bureaucrat, the capitalist competition-worshipper—the dignity and decency of the old English and Southern ideal are truly impressive.

You will be well off if you enter the Southern states without any interpretive books about the South. Use your eyes for the landscape and the street scenes, your ears for listening to Southerners, and your tongue for asking questions of Southerners. You need to remember that publishing in the United States is concentrated in New York and that virtually all commentary on the South, whether in

books or magazines, takes its cue from what New York thinks. New York's thinking on political or racial problems in the South is no more accurate than New York's thinking on international issues is representative of what Americans think in San Francisco, Dallas, Chicago, or Milwaukee. The few Southerners who find it possible to write in mass circulation journals published in New York are what other Southerners term "pet Southerners".

This is not to say that all Southerners hold the same views on the social and political issues of their states. The fact is that there is a wide range of opinion. But my advice is to go after Southern opinion in the South, not in *Life* articles about the South or in books about the region that are popular with Manhattan intellectuals. If all books about England were published in Edinburgh or Dublin, how accurate do you think they would be in expressing English attitudes?

Whom should you see in the South? The list could cover many pages of paper, and, of course, one should talk not merely with formulators of opinion in the South, men of letters and such types. Southerners are an articulate people, much given to the art of conversation, always ready to explain what they feel and why. I say: talk with them! But, of course, you will want to meet certain influential and representative figures.

In drawing up your list of leading Southerners you want to talk with and ask questions, you must not omit the following: James Jackson Kilpatrick, editor of *The Richmond News Leader* in Virginia, the Old Dominion and most English of Southern states. He will explain to you the political doctrines that Southerners, at least conservative Southerners, believe in—the principles of states rights. Jonathan Daniels, editor of *The Raleigh News and Observer* in North Carolina, a Southerner who represents a state that is as democratic as Virginia is aristocratic. He will explain to you how some citizens of his state, which hasn't an especially high percentage of Negroes, plan to comply—at least to some degree—with the Supreme Court order on the racial mixing of schools. In Charleston, South Carolina, where secession began in 1860, Thomas R. Waring, editor of *The News and Courier*, will explain the difficulties Southerners have in getting their own case before the nation, how a Paper Curtain keeps the views of intelligent Southerners out of the Northern press. He may also tell you of Clarendon County where Negroes outnumber whites nine to one and the Supreme Court ordered integration. Surely, he will explain the determination of thinking white citizens not to turn over government to bloc voters who can be herded to the polls by professional agitators from other sections. From Mr. Waring you can receive a clear statement of the Southern position, namely that this nation was conceived as a Republic, not as an unrestricted democracy, that the Constitution is an instrument that affirms state and local rights, freedom of association, and that provides for basic change in law through the amending process, not court edicts made by nine men.

In Georgia you may want to talk to William Wallace Davidson, editor of *The Georgia Review*. In his office in Athens, where the *Review* is published, you may want to thumb through back copies of the magazine he edits. You may not recognise its name, as you certainly recognise the name of the left-wing New York journal *Partisan Review*. But in its quiet way it is influential and very much of the place wherein it is published. The articles published in *The Georgia Review* will tell you much more about the South than a shelf full of books by New York's pet Southerners, writers like Tennessee Williams, Truman Capote, Hodding Carter and Lillian Smith.

Not long ago Mr. Davidson summed up a decade of *The Georgia Review*. He didn't issue one of those manifestoes liked by editors of literary journals on both sides of the Atlantic. Instead he said simply that *The Review* "will continue

to be what its name indicates—essentially Georgian” and will follow the policy “of trying to be dignified, honest, sensible, and interesting”. *The Review* has readers in such widely separated regions as Germany, Japan, France, and Thailand. It has published works by Robert Frost, Conrad Aiken, James Branch Cabell, Byron Herbert Reece. “It has done all this”, said Mr. Davidson, “and still remained itself—Georgian, Southern, regional, sectional, traditional, conservative—perhaps to the despair of some furious vendors of ‘liberalism.’ Being Georgian does not exclude us from great and distinguished company, nor from intellectual and social gentility.”

I ask you to remember that last line while touring the Southern states: “Being Southern does not exclude us from great and distinguished company, nor from intellectual and social gentility.” I believe you will find that true wherever you travel in the South. You will find stupidity and moral cowardice and barbarianism in the Southern states; for that matter you will find it wherever you go in this world, whether it is across the Atlantic or around the corner from you in London. The Southern states, you will find, have their proper share of intelligent and civilized people who believe in their own way of life. In Louisiana you will do well to talk to a business leader like John U. Barr, who has spent years resisting the encroachments of the central government on all areas of American life. In Mississippi, a conversation with Le Roy Percy, owner of the famous Trail Lake Plantation and nephew of the distinguished American poet William Alexander Percy, should prove instructive. The type of Southerner I am suggesting that you talk with lives in hundreds and thousands of Southern communities. These men, while not necessarily aristocrats of the old school, are men of mental ability, devoted to their states and to the old traditions of the Republic, to experience in a land that has known much trouble and sorrow, and to good manners.

Of course, the South is very varied. There are indeed many Souths. The lowland and highland South produces different breeds of men, different outlooks. In South Carolina there is a tradition of fiery political independence. In North Carolina there is a tradition of loyalty to the Democratic Party that no amount of present-day “liberal” insult can eliminate. The Southerner who lives in Atlanta (Manhattan with a drawl) hasn’t the sense of continuity that the man living on the Mississippi Delta has. On the Delta—that 200 mile stretch of cotton country—a British-owned cotton plantation company received more than one million dollars in federal subsidy payments last year whereas the Southern worker in a Nashville, Tenn., manufacturing plant found his income cut as a result of the higher cost of living. The Southerner who lives in Miami, Fla., in the heart of the so-called Gold Coast, is most probably no Southerner at all but a transplanted New Yorker who thinks and votes as he did in his Northern precinct. And that’s the way it goes. Many crops, many special economic interests, many different local traditions and class as well as racial lines, make the Southern scene difficult to analyse easily and honestly.

The Cities are vastly different, one from another. Charleston is almost a West Indian city. Its 18th century skyline is intact and so are its houses and gates and gardens. It also is home port for Polaris submarines. Charlotte, North Carolina, is a sprawling business hub with no past but a rich future. Norfolk, Virginia, is as anonymous and characterless as some upstate New York City. But it is the liberty town and home port of an enormous naval fleet. Jackson, Mississippi, has its ante-bellum capital and some soaring modern office buildings with strip windows. New Orleans is one of the most interesting and beautiful towns in America. And Atlanta, the new rich colossus of the South, is among the most uninteresting and least beautiful in the nation.

There is a common thread of history uniting all these places, people and traditions.

In the North it is possible to escape history. In the South, you can try to escape, but it's all around you in monuments, in your lack of opportunities, in the item in the newspaper that there were leading Southerners (except politicians) invited to the official dinners for Queen Elizabeth during her last visit. History is a matter of memory: what your mother and father told you about growing up, the lack of money, the stories of grandfather's struggles during Reconstruction. History is old newspapers in the attic that remind you this was once an occupied land. History—the same history—is the newspapers of today that tell of federal troops sent into Arkansas. History is the endless talk at cocktail parties, family dinners, social gatherings of all sorts—talk of the grave troubles facing this region, of the pressure applied, of the difficulty of getting news across to the nation and the world.

It is impossible to think that you will not find differences between the North and the South. Of course, the South still means the land, open land. Cotton isn't king anymore—the big crops being grown in California and Arizona in the Far West. But the empty fields are there. Not all are empty, of course. Tobacco, soyabeans, food crops—all cover vast areas of the South. And the South is rapidly becoming cattle country. The Black Angus, Herfords, Brahma and Santa Gertrudis—they are moving onto the land as tenant farmers move off to the industrial centres of the North. The South is still a land of broad rivers, great forests of pine, red hills of clay, sandy ridges stretching into the distance. It is a land of churches in fantastic numbers, plain, wooden churches of the Baptist and Methodist and Presbyterian faiths. It is a land of fishermen and hunters, even if the fishermen and hunters no longer live in a pineland village or on a plantation but in a modern suburb near a big new textile mill. The land is still very much in the thoughts of Southerners. They go back to it as often as they are able to do so.

You will surely discover that you are in a land where everything is personal. The impersonality of big Northern cities is non-extant—and with Northern impersonality goes neutrality on men and issues. The personalness of the South came out of plantation living, the planter's independence, aloneness, and awareness of conflict and the necessity of masterful action if one were not to be mastered. Personalness is strong in the modern South which is both urbanised and sub-urbanised. It is the thread unifying the fabric of Southern life at mid-century. It signifies emotional involvement and face-to-face relationships. You will learn that in the South, while there is virtually no group thinking or sympathy for groups, individuals matter and feelings for individuals are important. Personalities are more important than theories or ideological issues. Because life is lived in personal terms and with emotions directly involved. Southern thinking is either/or thinking. There is little abstract theorising, bland non-partisanship, and neutrality on political or moral issues. Men and causes are seen as being either friendly and deserving of intense loyalty or unfriendly and deserving of unswerving opposition.

Perhaps it is most important of all to remember in your tour of the South that you are in a region that is today "under the gun" and indeed has been similarly situated for a number of generations. One way to come to an understanding of the South and Southerners is to remember Scotland and the Scots. Both Southerners and the Scots have an ancestral memory of invasions—the South's was much more recent, in grandfather's time. As many Scots resent London's influence, the Southerner resents New York's influence. There are (in both cases) differences in religion, racial stock, climate, and all the things that make up a people's outlook on life. The Scots are something of non-conformists within the British pattern. So it is with Southerners in the United States. Today, the levelling spirit is rampant in America. Powerful influences call for a subordination of all local and regional customs. The leaders of Northern thought would reduce American thinking and

living to a single mode. But Southerners know that the great strength of the American republic has been the dual nature of state and national authorities. If people in one state or region wanted to live one way, a peculiar or wrong-headed way according to the view of another section, they were allowed to live as they pleased.

Today, the demand is very great that the South get in step with the rest of the nation. Many travellers from abroad join in the chorus as soon as they reach these shores. I sincerely hope you will not do so. Perhaps, at the end of your tour, you will applaud our non-conformism in the South.

Thomas R. Waring, a Southern spokesman, made this comment recently:

"The countries that have goose-stepped in perfect rhythm have not always been happier or more peace-loving than those that made allowances for differing customs and viewpoints. Some of them have made life miserable for themselves and their neighbours. Conformity is not, as a matter of fact, an American trait. In its non-conformity the South is following a fine old American tradition called independence."

Please remember that when you cross the Mason-Dixon line.

A monthly review of some of the notable cinema and television presentations

THE MONTH IN VISION

DOMINIC LE FOE

A FAR from momentous month. The vision has been restricted to the contribution made by the spectator; the writers and directors have provided but little to watch.

The most interesting subject from either medium came in Stewart Love's *Headful of Crocodiles*, presented by ABC TV, (in its *Armchair Theatre* series) at the beginning of the month. This was a refreshing departure for TV drama, offering a sort of gothic spiky kind of humour, a little like *Gurney Slade*, but not quite. If this description appears to lack definition, I must admit that I am unable to offer a better. The slight plot concerns a young fellow in a "safe" job, commanding a good wage, the sort of status that the lower, lower, middle-class still seek, and attracting too a stultifying, crushing, completely choking monotony and lack of fulfilment.

It is in this suffocating atmosphere that the worm turns, and the play is devoted to an account of the fulfilment of his Walter Mitty-like imaginings. But more than that, the play itself concerns us deeply with the ordinary life of the characters. It is in the observation and delineation of their existence that the pen of Mr. Love shows greatest promise. Here is an author who can write dialogue that *sounds* as if the characters concerned would say it, and who sees all his creations in a satisfying three-dimensional manner. I am not sure what sort of effect this play created in homes used to the more humdrum delights of *Bootsie and Snudge*, but in the house of a critic, sickened with a flow of TV drama that has apparently been written by electronic computers of a sadistic turn of circuit, *A Headful of Crocodiles* came welcome as a shower of rain in the Sahara. In this exercise, Mr. Love has demonstrated that he has imagination, perception and wit. I very much hope that his next play will be cast in the same mould, but that it will also be less concerned for the high-fantastical, and so enhance its own strength. For the one lurking suspicion I retained after watching his first piece was that he had been determined to be "different". He is original enough without bothering to "prove" it. Note the name—I know it will become significant in TV drama. All applause to Philip Saville for a smooth and helpful production, which drew splendid performances from a cast chosen to perfection—notably Donald Church as the boy with the head in question and Carol White.

A word about a strange programme series called *Come Dancing*. Pictorially, one knows why the BBC show it—plenty of pretty pictures of attractive dancers flitting around dancehalls with esoteric names like the Locarno, a slight spice of competition as NE Derbyshire engages in mortal combat with SE Leeds and so on. Tame entertainment but pleasing to millions of viewers. But occasionally the wires get a little crossed, and then *Come Dancing* becomes one of the funniest programmes on the air. In times like these it is to be missed at peril; for example, the orchestra that strikes up the opening bars and so drowns completely the announcement of the compère (who has already gone into orbit, so complete is his frenzy, so determined is he that we should all *enjoy* ourselves). Then there is the lunatic applause that bursts like small-arms fire from the assembled adherents of St. Vitus. The casual uninitiated viewer sits up suddenly. What has he missed? The wondrous choice of music for the Old Time section—nearly always *Tunes From The Great War* (or, *Memories of Harry Lauder*) reeking of the trenches and almost ludicrous when applied to The Lancers and The Quadrilles. The unflinching statistics and data—"This is Minnie Robinson—twice runner-up in the Yorkshire Sub-Area semi-quarter final—she is a hairdresser and there are 200 yards of net in her dress . . ."—and the inevitable mechanism—fetish that makes it necessary

(Continued on page 64)

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MORE BOSWELL

Boswell for the Defence. 1769-1774. Heinemann. 30s.

The discovery of the Boswell papers at Malahide Castle, in Ireland, and Fettercairn House, in Scotland, has been described as "the largest and most important find of English manuscripts ever made". To this we may add: that the work of collecting, editing, annotating and publishing the Journals in a reader's edition, as done by the expert Yale Committee and Messrs. Heinemann will surely rank as one of the highest achievements in the annals of book production. The highest praise we can give to the present volume, the seventh of the series, is to say that the superb quality of the previous six has been worthily maintained, if not exceeded.

Boswell was married to his cousin Margaret Montgomerie in 1769 and though for a while his fully written journal was suspended, we have in letters and memoranda, a fairly adequate account of his life until March, 1772, when the journal was resumed. For two years he is the happily married man enjoying in Edinburgh his home life and professional activities, more temperate and controlled than was usual with him. On March 14, 1772, he takes the coach for London where he pleads before the House of Lords on behalf of a schoolmaster of Campbeltown who has been dismissed his school for cruelty. Whilst in London old friendships are renewed; he calls on Johnson, Paoli, Garrick, Edward Dilly and other eminent men, whose conversations are faithfully reported in the journal and form part of the material to be later used in the "Life". During the whole decade of the Seventies, regular visits to London are made and more records of Johnson's movements and conversations are entered in the journal.

Seventeen-seventy-three is a climacteric year; for on April 30, he is elected as a member of the Literary Club, and in August, Johnson joins him in Edinburgh to commence the Hebrides tour. The travellers arrived back in Edinburgh on November 9, when Boswell resumes his legal activities, establishing himself as an advocate mainly concerned with criminal cases. Between times there is much junketing and heavy drinking. He notes one High Court official as staggering out of a dram shop and quite unable to continue with his work; Boswell himself admits to being often fuddled after a night's debauch, but somehow does manage to carry on.

An account of the trial of John Reid, convicted of sheep stealing, together with a description of his execution and burial, occupy the last hundred pages of the journal. For Boswell, the fate of this man became an obsession; he not only pleads for him in Court, but also with him in the gaol and at the foot of the executioner's ladder. He forms a plan to resuscitate the corpse which is, happily, frustrated. In this as in other actions for the defence of poor criminals, Boswell reveals himself as the generous and kind hearted man we know him to have been; at the same time he shows also that morbid streak which made him so interested in crime and in public executions.

Johnson more than once impressed on Boswell that he should record in his journal not only what was said and done, but also how he felt about everything; in other words, he is asked to give an account of his inner as well as of his outward life. Johnson's advice was good but superfluous for in this as in his other journals, Boswell pours himself out with often embarrassing candour. The oft-repeated sequence is: aspiration, vows, elation, failure, regret and remorse. *Boswell for the Defence* is Boswell as always—observer and actor, describer and self-confessor, as much a recorder of himself as he is of Johnson.

Readers of this chronicle must now eagerly await its successor, as the strong-boxes in the strong-room at Yale University disgorge a further instalment of the journal.

HENRY A. MORGAN

A NEW LIFE OF MASARYK

Masaryk. Edward Polson Newman. Campion Press. 25s.

The time may be ripe for a new biography of Thomas Masaryk, but Major Polson Newman's book is not only a little pedestrian; it tends also to be at cross-purposes with its subject. For however generous a Catholic author wishes to be, he is bound fundamentally to condemn the dominant aims and impulses of the Czech and Slovak national movement, from Palacky to Masaryk, as neo-Hussite heresy. Although Major Polson Newman touches upon the conflict between the Czechs and Germans of Bohemia, he does not make clear how great a rift divided them by the end of the nineteenth century. The introduction of the Austrian form of universal suffrage early in this century made matters worse since the Germans now found themselves heavily out-numbered. Thus the Bohemian question menaced the survival of the Habsburg Dual Monarchy before the South Slav threat became acute to the south-east. It was only in fact in 1914, when the rulers of Austria-Hungary had demonstrated their intransigence towards the Southern Slavs, that a moderate Slav leader like Masaryk despaired of the Monarchy. As for the status of Central Europe after 1918 it is hardly realistic to suggest that the successor states could have been federated immediately upon attaining their independence: at that time the only external authority they were at all prepared to regard was that of the League of Nations.

In spite of Major Polson Newman's different conceptions, the magnificent story of Masaryk's life-long struggle for justice and truth emerges. Among his remarkable achievements was Masaryk's dissemination of British liberal thought among the Czechs. The Masaryks, both Thomas and his children, were proud of their Slovak origin and their Czech state of mind. One of the problems of the Czechoslovakia created by Masaryk was the clericalism of other Slovak leaders who regarded their union with the rationalists of Prague as subjection. It would be exact to observe that, like most Liberals before 1914, Masaryk under-estimated the influence of what to him appeared as ignorant obscurantism. Surprisingly, Hlinka is not mentioned by Major Polson Newman. ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

AN OUTSTANDING ADVOCATE

Sir Patrick Hastings: His Life and Cases. H. Montgomery Hyde. Heinemann. 30s.

This is sympathetic and attractively written biography of one of the outstanding advocates in the English Courts from the first World War until 1948. In many of the *causes célèbres* which caught public attention during these years, Sir Patrick Hastings K.C., appeared very frequently with Mr. Norman Birkett K.C. as his opponent. In the popular mind they together dominated the forensic scene; and it is very fitting that the latter, now Lord Birkett, should pay tribute in a laudatory Foreword. As Lord Birkett says, Hastings' "supreme gift" was "the power of deadly cross-examination." He refers, for example, to the Handel Booth case in 1917 in which "ruthless, relentless, eager, vehement, scornful, satirical, contemptuous, he destroyed the Liberal member for Pontefract as effectively as if he had stabbed him." These were Hastings' characteristics, together with courage, and ability to project the crux of a case with great dramatic effect. Before a jury, he was unsurpassed in exploiting damaging material in cross-examination.

Mr. Montgomery Hyde has a great capacity for summarising lucidly a complicated trial and pinpointing the dramatic crisis; so often created and dominated by Hastings in his cases. But the author lets the reader see the other side. Hastings was not always the dominant advocate. In the Mitchell-Hedges' libel action in 1928 Hastings appeared for the Plaintiff explorer. The latter, however, was effectively discredited by Mr. (later Earl) Jowitt in a celebrated cross-examination starting "Are you an adventurer?" As the author recognises, Hastings was

an indifferent lawyer. Points of law were frequently argued for him by other leading counsel in the Court of Appeal.

Although he was a somewhat successful playwright, Hastings' intellectual capacity was limited. In court, for example, he would be overshadowed by Stafford Cripps; and he was never really happy in action against the big intellect. While, for example, he achieved a successful result against Harold Laski, in the latter's libel action in 1946, he failed to compete with Laski in cross-examination and even resorted to abuse.

Hastings' political career was short, unhappy and in the end calamitous. For a short while he was a member of the Liberal Party, but left it in the Coupon Election of 1918. Shortly after he joined the Labour Party, but was never a doctrinaire socialist. He entered Parliament in 1922 and became Attorney-General in the first Labour Government in 1924. Mr. Montgomery Hyde writes sympathetically of Hastings' part in the Campbell prosecution, which led to the downfall of the Government. Hastings quite properly disregarded political considerations in first directing a prosecution in respect of alleged seditious libel addressed to the armed forces contained in the *Workers Weekly*. The journal was then under the temporary acting editorship of John Campbell, a man with a fine war record. Hastings subsequently ordered withdrawal of the prosecution, not on account of the Labour Party storm, but apparently on account of Campbell's personal character, his record and editorial position, and with some doubt as to whether the article was legally seditious. The political embarrassment was also exacerbated by the words used in court by treasury counsel in asking leave to withdraw the case. The real fault seems to lie in Hastings' failing to weigh, adequately, the legal merits of a prosecution in the first place. The author expresses no view on this.

This volume deserves to be widely read and enjoyed; it is first-class reading.

ARNOLD DE MONTMORENCY

THE ERA OF STANLEY BALDWIN

The Baldwin Age. Edited by John Raymond. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.

"Some are born great and others rise to greatness, And some have greatness thrust upon them."

To which category does Baldwin belong? *The Baldwin Age* should help us to answer, for he is the centre of the story. The Editor's brilliant Introduction speaks of the period as "the smiling age." The adjective sounds rather unconvincing when we read of the General Strike, the millions of unemployed, the financial crisis of 1931, the anxieties of the Abdication, and the gathering of dark clouds beyond the Rhine.

No praise can be too high for the first and much the longest chapter in which Robert Blake, the biographer of Bonar Law, surveys the period. It is entitled, *Baldwin and the Right*, but I never felt that the kindly figure had much in common with Salisbury and Balfour who had watched events and tendencies through aristocratic spectacles during his early years. If ever there was a man who instinctively chose the middle of the road it was the wealthy Worcestershire industrialist and country squire who knew the name of his three hundred employees, was on excellent terms with the leaders of the Labour Party, and cared nothing for Society. After the fireworks of the Welsh Wizard there seemed something restful about this plain, plump and placid person who, on the death of his father in 1908, stepped into his seat as member for his home constituency. How little his new duties meant to him is suggested by the fact that during the six remaining years of peace he only spoke five times.

As a Liberal member of the 1906 Parliament I met him at the house of common friends, but it never occurred to me or anyone else that we were rubbing shoulders

with a future Prime Minister. He was so quiet and unassuming that we did not realise how much there was in him. Even when the war years brought him a minor post in the Lloyd George Coalition and later a seat in the Cabinet, his name seldom appeared in the papers. Finding himself a colleague in the Cabinet room at 10 Downing Street, Herbert Fisher, Education Minister and historian, declared that if asked to name the least likely member present to be Prime Minister he would have selected the President of the Board of Trade.

Baldwin was never overawed by more scintillating brains than his own. He was far more interested in the endeavour to create a better world for the common man than in the party game or his own career. He dethroned Lloyd George owing to personal distrust, not to political differences, and he inherited the Premiership on the death of Bonar Law merely because Churchill, Birkenhead and Austen Chamberlain refused co-operation with the rebel. Later, wearying of ministerial unemployment, they accepted office under the new leader whose repute owing to his handling of the General Strike had rendered his position impregnable. His readiness to serve under MacDonald in the financial crisis of 1931 increased the respect he enjoyed; but the Abdication crisis left him a tired old man, who, in his own words, could neither sleep nor read. "My time is over", he declared, and in the evening of his life he was a forgotten man.

Mr. Blake concludes his chapter with a concise summary. "Baldwin has four solid achievements to his credit. He cleaned up public life after Lloyd George had brought it to a condition seldom equalled since the days of Lord North. He revived the Disraelian tradition of one nation, saved the Tory party from the domination of hard-faced men, and modified by his manner and his policy of social reform many of the acerbities of class warfare. His third achievement was the Coalition of 1931 which, though it failed in one vital matter, succeeded in rescuing Britain from economic disaster and in carrying one of the great liberal reform measures of modern times, the India Bill of 1935. Finally, he handled with much skill the Abdication crisis, the most difficult and delicate constitutional problem to vex a Prime Minister since the Parliament Act of 1911. His great failure lay in foreign and defence policy from 1931."

Mr. Blake's record is supplemented by Mr. Alan Taylor's contribution entitled, *Baldwin and the Left*, where his sympathies belong, but he writes of it without warmth for he is not given to enthusiasm. "They were romantic, idealistic, unworldly, often foolish. But one thing can be said in their favour. No one on the Left cared whom Edward VIII married, whether he married, when or how often." The General Strike in sympathy with the miners is applauded as "one of the few unselfish acts in anybody's history" and support for the Spanish Republic is hailed as another feather in the Party's cap. "It is true that it failed to decide what it meant by Socialism or how to get there. But these are problems for which no one has found an answer."

Baldwin had never been rattled by Mosley, for he knew that Englishmen are as immune to fascism as to communism, and the chapter entitled *A Few Lost Causes* shows why they failed. Philip Noel-Baker's chapter on the *League of Nations* is a sad story, for the disarmament discussions at Geneva were a complete fiasco. The armaments race was accelerated as Nazi Germany started again, and the failure of the League to save Abyssinia proved it incapable of preventing aggression. An almost equally depressing chapter entitled *Lessons in Economics* terms the Baldwin Age a bad age to live through, and a good age to learn from. Britain, we now realise, marches forward along a winding road bordered by the precipices of inflation and deflation.

The later essays carry the reader from the political arena to the cultural aspects of our national life—the Churches, the Press, Literature, the Theatre, Music and the Ballet, Wireless, Television and the Cinema. The Churches, we are told,

managed to keep up appearances while faith foundered. Though no churchgoer, Baldwin saw the hand of God in his appointment as Prime Minister in 1923. "I knew I had been chosen as God's instrument for the healing of the nation." The Catholics began to claim that they alone appealed to the manual workers. A few Churches, among them that of Dick Sheppard, were crowded while others were almost empty. In the Anglican communion there were, as there always are, many mansions, and Bishop Barnes retained his see of Birmingham despite his modernist views.

The chapter on the Press Lords describes Baldwin's repudiation of the claims of Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook to share in running the country. "Newspapers in the Baldwin age," writes Francis Williams, "rose to levels of commercial success and popularity undreamt of by their predecessors. But they failed their generation because by their frivolities and excesses they too often ruled themselves out of court." Circulation, we are now sure, is not a synonym for influence.

Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson's chapter on *Literature*, above all the novelists, is likely to become one of the most popular, for most of us read or have read novels. "No one in his senses is going to decry what Virginia Woolf and Joyce did for the novel and the enrichments they brought to it. What shrivelled away in their work was any contact between man and society."

Philip Hope-Wallace's survey of *Theatre, Music and Ballet* quotes James Agate's verdict that *Saint-John* and *Juno and the Paycock* were the two finest plays of the inter-war years, but in the author's view they do not represent the Baldwin age. The theatre was going downhill, for the cinema was stealing its audiences, though Noel Coward contrived to keep the house full. The chapter on *Mass Entertainment* deals as critically as might be expected with the new enchantress television.

The symposium concludes with a realistic portrait of Rutherford striding through the streets of Cambridge shouting in rapture: "I've split the atom." He had good reason to be proud. "1932," declares his friend Sir Charles Snow, "was the most spectacular year in the history of science. Was he the greatest experimental scientist since Faraday? Without any doubt. Greater than Faraday? Almost certainly so." He was also a personality of Johnsonian scale, the unquestioned leader of a brilliant team of physicists who made the Cavendish Laboratories at Cambridge the most celebrated research centre in the world. "He was a great man, a very great man, by any standards we can apply."

G. P. GOOCH

THE PURPOSE OF WESTERN FOREIGN POLICY

Foreign Policy: The Next Phase, The 1960s. Thomas K. Finletter. 2nd Edition. Council on Foreign Relations. Oxford University Press. 32s.

So much has happened in the two years since the first edition of this book that few authors would dare retain even the framework of the theories they held before the Berlin crisis, the U-2 incident and the 1960 Summit. Mr. Finletter, with some success, demonstrates that the task for American, and Western, foreign policy is the same as it was and the general solutions he outlined as valid, only more so. He clothes in facts and practical proposals the present ambitions for a strong, but progressive, US foreign policy.

Mr. Finletter writes with the authority of a former US Secretary of the Air Force and Marshall Plan Minister to Great Britain.

The most detailed of his suggestions is for a way out of the Formosa impasse. He recommends an intelligent general settlement to include membership of UNO for both Chinas. Less reasonable, and less likely is the condition that India should take the Security Council seat now occupied by Nationalist China.

Others of Mr. Finletter's specific proposals are open to that kind of criticism. His general thesis is also liable to criticism, but its general aim is genuinely progressive and encouraging.

How President Kennedy matches the ambitions of a strong America, aiming at general and complete disarmament and at the same time a positive foreign policy, will be the key to the 1960s. A purely defensive policy towards communism is bound to lose, says Mr. Finletter. At least it can never make a gain. The answer is a political offensive. The present form of this offensive which Mr. Finletter seems to believe in is the establishment and support of neutralist governments in buffer positions.

Events in South-East Asia suggest this is an impossibility. Truly neutralist governments may exist where they are politically and economically strong or far enough away from either power bloc. But they cannot be created. There are parts of the world where you are for one side or the other.

The alternative is to use UNO, as the US has more than once disdained to do.

The most spectacular results have been achieved, says Mr. Finletter, where the actions of the West have had the sanction of UNO. If this is the kind of thinking which is forming the US foreign policy of the 1960s the next phase is hopeful. Even if it is not, Mr. Finletter's book is stimulating and informative and well worth its second appearance.

MICHAEL STEVENSON

VERGIL'S PASTORALS

The Pastorals of Vergil. A verse translation by Geoffrey Johnson, with an Introduction and Notes by L. R. Lind. University of Kansas Press. \$3.

Vergil's Eclogues have rarely been translated since the time of Calverley. Dr. E. V. Rieu has an excellent prose translation in Penguin Classics with facing Latin text; but the eye and ear crave for verse, and it is this preference that Mr. Johnson understands and endeavours to satisfy. He wisely avoids the exacting hexameter, finding more freedom and music in a loose, many-syllabled line which catches the lyric mood if not the measure of the original. Here, for instance, is a passage from the 1st Eclogue in which an exile—one of Vergil's ingenious creations—envies his friend's fortunate possession of a farm at a time of Roman unrest and confiscation:

Here, as of old, the hedge dividing your neighbour's
Farmstead from yours, with its willow-blossoms looted
By Sicilian bees, will often soothingly murmur
Your cares into sleep, and there from the craggy summit
The vinedresser's voice will sing down the wind enchantment . . .

The last line is perhaps a lyrical ornamentation of "the pruner will sing to the breeze" or "the vine-dresser singing to the breezes" but it conveys the poet's mood.

In his Introduction, Mr. Lind follows the current fashion of praising classical masters for resembling latter-day poets. Vergil's autobiographical puzzles remind him of James Joyce; allusiveness reminds him of Eliot; and "carefully created music is like that of Yeats at his best." The distant comparisons are valid if only as reminders that the sources of poetic inspiration are eternal.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

A ST. LOUIS SONGSTER

Sara Teasdale, a Biography. Margaret Haley Carpenter. Schulte Publishing Co., New York. \$7.50

This is a disproportionately long biography of an American poet whose tender and charming personality, combined with an instinctive though slender lyric talent, won for her the admiration and esteem of many friends and readers. Sara Teasdale (1884-1933) wrote, as Emily Dickinson, Christina Rossetti and Elizabeth Browning did, straight from the heart and in the forms and metres that came to her most easily.

Such verses as:

It was not you, though you were near,
Though you were good to hear and see,
It was not earth, it was not heaven
It was myself that sang in me . . .

and:

There will be stars over the place forever,
There will be stars forever, while we sleep . . .

are typical of her welling utterance.

A considerable part of the book is a gossip account of the poet's early life in St. Louis with a group of young women of varying talents who called themselves the "Potters"; but it is only in the long sections dealing with the love declared for her by the ill-fated Vachel Lindsay that it comes to life and merits a lasting place in literary history. Lindsay's letters are splendid; wildly enthusiastic; and we are left wondering what fate might have had in store for them had they come together in marriage. As it was, each life ended in self-destruction. I agree with Miss Carpenter that Sara Teasdale "grew in artistry and spirit until the very end," but the artistry was not enough to win for her a sure place among American poets of the Twentieth Century. Yet her singing had great charm and there must be many readers who will cherish this account of her life and work.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

RONSARD FOR HÉLÈNE

Quand vous serez bien vieille . . .

When you are old, and by the fire alone
With wizened fingers you shall twirl the skein,
Then shall you murmur, with bewildered brain,
How Ronsard sang your loveliness long gone.
Then will your handmaid, weary to the bone
Nodding and starting, wake to life again
To hear our names linked in that loving strain —
Crowning you, deathless, when your day is done.

I shall be but a shade under the ground
Sleeping forever with the myrtle-crowned.
You, bending where the dying firelight glows,
Will mourn my love and your old high disdain.
Seize life today, tomorrow will be vain;
Drink up the sun, my love, and smell the rose.

H. P. COLLINS

NOTICES

NASSER, THE RISE TO POWER. (*Odhams*. 21s.). In writing this first biography in English of the Egyptian dictator, the American journalist Mr. Joachim Joesten has enjoyed the advantage of interviews with Nasser and his family. In the result, Mr. Joesten learnt a great deal of his family background, of his excellent education, of his youthful revolutionary activities, and later of his happy domestic home life. Nasser is a man of the highest personal integrity and sober living in his private life, and incorruptible. Of his public career, we are confirmed in the general impression of the ruthless opportunist, intent upon his own ambition and the hegemony of Egypt in the Arab world. Mr. Joesten attempts to explain, rather than justify, Nasser's policy. Much of this book is inevitably a review of the last eight years in the Middle East. His accounts purports to be definitive about a period which remains still highly controversial. Nonetheless, it is a book worth reading.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CONSTITUTION. *Documents and Commentary*. (Cambridge University Press. 52s. 6d.; students' edition, 27s. 6d.) This is a companion volume to Dr. E. R. Elton's recently published volume on *The Tudor Constitution*. The new collection has been compiled by Mr. E. N. Williams who covers the period 1688-1815. The book is divided into main topics, including the Revolution, Central Government, Parliament, Local Government, the Church and Liberties of the Subject. In each, Mr. Williams has included a wide selection of contemporary documents, both official and unofficial, showing the legal position, current practice and illustrations of contemporary outlook. In the case of each subject, the documents are preceded by a useful commentary. The aim of the volume is to "enable some glimpses" of the constitution "to be seen in the language men used from

William III to William Pitt." During a period of such constitutional fluidity and change only glimpses are possible in a single volume; nevertheless, there are some notable omissions. For example, both Burke's Address to the Electors of Bristol, however well-known, and also Dunning's motion on the Crown merit inclusion. This volume is a courageous effort which should prove of considerable value to all students of the constitutional history of the period.

ON DETECTIVE FICTION AND OTHER THINGS. (Hollis and Carter. 16s.)

This is a delightful volume of reflections and recollections by Dr. G. F. McCleary, now in his ninety-fourth year. Some of the essays had already appeared in the *Fortnightly* and the *National Review*. The "other things" include a remarkable range of interests, including in the words of the subtitle, "Pickwick, Cambridge, infant mortality, slums, Stevenson, motherhood and incentives." As a doctor and pioneer of the public health services, we read with great interest his early years as a "slum doctor" and appreciate his tribute to Sir Robert Morant. His non-professional interests are remarkable for their versatility. Devoted to classical music, we have a chapter on Bach's "Forty-Eight", followed by a glowing tribute to Gilbert and Sullivan. He delights in serious literature, gloats over Sherlock Holmes. He pays a warm tribute to Conan Doyle as the creator of Holmes and also as the humanitarian, who for example played a great part in exposing the injustice of the Oscar Slater trial. Dr. McCleary has had a passion for cricket most of his life and relates and writes of the fast bowlers he has seen and judged back to Fred Morley in the eighties. This book at times profound and serious, lively and gay, should provoke serious thought and interest, while also providing a great deal of pleasure.

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